

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 2

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1928.

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BETHEL AND VICINITY

M. T. Abbott of Mechanic Falls was in town recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vashaw are boarding at P. O. Brink's.

George Hall of Lewiston was in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Winslow were in Rumford Saturday.

The N. S. Stowell mill is running five days a week.

Hoyt Guuther is ill and unable to attend school.

Mrs. J. B. Chapman has returned from the Rumford Community Hospital.

E. C. Park was in Lewiston on business Friday.

Miss Esther Tyler was home from Portland over the week end.

Fanning J. Burbank of Portland was a business visitor in town Monday.

Mrs. Addie Vandenkorenhoven is keeping house for Mrs. Frank King.

Earl Bartlett is working on the river and boarding at John Gill's.

Mrs. Ida Pulsifer of West Bethel visited Mrs. Adney Gurney Monday.

Harry Parsons went to Portland, Tuesday, for an indefinite time.

Miss Bertha Bailey of Keenebucport is the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. W. Boyker.

Ira Hickford called on Mr. and Mrs. George Haggard and family Sunday.

The children's dancing school exhibition will be held at Odeon Hall, May 17.

Mrs. Mabel Clough is with her daughter, Mrs. Guy Merrill, and family of Mason.

Rev. and Mrs. L. A. Edwards, Harry Edwards and daughter, Betty, were in Portland Saturday.

The road crew commenced tearing up the tarvia on Main Street Wednesday afternoon.

Extensive improvements have been made on the interior arrangement of D. G. Brooks' store.

H. F. Thurston's mill did not run Saturday afternoon, it being too wet for the men to work outside.

Ernest P. Blabec and Herbert C. Howe are attending the Grand Lodge of Masons at Portland.

The motion picture booth in Odeon Hall has been enlarged, the sheet metal work being done by Ray Crockett.

I. L. Carver went to Skowhegan one day last week and Mrs. Carver and daughter returned to Bethel with him.

Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Lovejoy, who have been at Fellenberg, Fla., during the winter months returned home last week.

Mrs. Alma Mitchell has returned from Gorham, N. H., and is now with Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Sanborn.

Herbert Bean received a shipment of 41 cedar shingles, Tuesday, from Washington. These were shipped April 10.

Word has been received in town of the illness of Mrs. Fannie Billings, who is in a Boston hospital.

Mrs. Pauline Philbrook returned Saturday from Portland, where she spent the winter with her daughter, Mrs. F. I. Brown, and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brown expect a shipment Thursday of 1500 R. I. Red chickens from the University hatchery at Durham, N. H.

Albert Skillings has moved his goods to his farm on the Flat road. Weather and roads have been a hindrance to very rapid transit.

Eyes examined, glasses furnished by E. L. Greenleaf, Optometrist, over Rowe's store, Saturdays only. Evening appointments may be made.

Mrs. Lucretia Barker of Hancock was calling on friends Friday of last week. She came up with Mrs. Chesley Saunders, with whom she has spent the winter.

The concrete slab is completed on the upper side of the new bridge and is in use while the cement is being put on the lower side. The steel work is receiving a coat of black paint.

Miss Eugenia Haselton was tendered a surprise party Saturday evening in honor of her twenty-first birthday. The evening was pleasantly passed by playing Pinch. Refreshments were served by her mother, Mrs. Sherman Haselton. These present were Mr. and Mrs. John Anderson, Edna Dean, Mabel Herlick, Gladys Gibbs, Esther Lapham, Priscilla Mass, and accompanied her to the home of her parents in Addison, Maine, where she expects to make an extended stay.

Gould 14—Mexico 4

In the second League game of the season, Wednesday afternoon, Gould played a winning game.

The pitching of Gill and Gregory was the outstanding feature of the game with Chesebro playing an exceptionally fine game at first base.

It is hoped that the local fans will back the boys in the games to follow.

"Turn to the Right"

An all-star cast of amateur players, members of the Norway Dramatic Club, presented the three act drama, "Turn to the Right," to an audience that packed the hall. The show was under the auspices of the men of the Congregational Church of Bethel and was presented with the permission of Samuel French, publisher, of New York.

We had heard great stories about the play and its production here was certainly up to our expectations. It was without doubt among the best dramatic production ever put on in Odeon Hall by amateurs. The smallest details in props and scenery were not overlooked; the dialogue was snappy, possibly more noticeable to many was that the character impersonations were natural and free from "stilt" or "up stage" effects.

The story is woven around three convicts, a sympathetic mother and a village Shylock posing as a respectable deacon. Numerous other characters are introduced during the prologue and three acts, that are necessary for a connected link in exonerating the son, reforming the two jail birds and checkmating the deacon.

During the prologue N. U. Greenlaw was introduced as "Isadore," the Polish Jew pawnbroker, proprietor of the shop in which the scene is laid. His assistant "Moses," the old tailor, impersonated by Oliver J. Foss, fitted in for a picturesque setting. Three convicts were brought in for a close-up and introduction; they were "Joe Bascom," played by Stephen Bradeen; "Muggs," a slick pickpocket, impersonated by Donald B. Partridge; and "Gilly," a professional safe blower, worked out by Harold A. Anderson. Bascom, just released from Sing Sing, quit the lurch and returned home where the action of the play continued to the happy climax. The convict duo popped up on the farm and worked headliners until the end.

Mrs. Annie Knight impersonated "Mrs. Bascom," a widow and owner of a large farm noted for its excellent crop of peaches. W. H. Edminster portrayed the avaricious "Deacon Tiltinger," who met defeat in his schemes to secure title to the widow's home. Charles F. Cummings as "Lester Morgan," was a black sheep from the city and a special object for the attention of "Tom Callahan," a New York detective, played by Charles H. Brown. Clayton P. Murch as "Sam Martin," the clerk in Tiltinger's grocery store, was an accessory before the fact and figured strongly in the "jam" boom that brought prosperity to the widow and her family.

Mrs. Rosie Kierstead appeared as "Betty Bascom," Joe's sister and Mrs. Eva Evans as "Jessie Strong," her friend. Both cast a spell over Muggs and Gilly, who were posing as prosperous business men. The girls eventually captured a husband. Mrs. Geneva Partridge was "Elsie Tiltinger," the deacon's daughter, and before the play curtain, became the bride of Joe Bascom.

Between the first and second acts Walter C. Allen entertained with several banjo solos which were well applauded. Between the second and third acts a quartette consisting of Coburn Ayer, Arthur Dudley, Leonard Allen and Arthur Cutler, presented a collection of old songs. They finished with a composition of their own which picked a little fun at some of the audience. These efforts were very much appreciated.

The play was backed by Harold A. Anderson and Fred H. Cummings prepared the tasteful settings that added much to the success of the production.

The picture of the new bridge in last week's Citizen was from a photograph taken by H. C. Howe, who has post card views of the bridge on sale at his store.

Mrs. Herman H. Joy, who has spent the winter with her mother, Mrs. Gertrude Milliken, and grandfather, W. L. Chapman, went to Portland, Sunday morning, where she was joined by her husband who came from Newburyport, Mass., and accompanied her to the home of his parents in Addison, Maine, where she expects to make an extended stay.

Albert F. Copeland

Albert F. Copeland passed away Sunday morning at the Rumford Community Hospital, where he was taken on Wednesday of last week suffering with infection in his arm.

He was born in Dexter 68 years ago but has been a resident of Bethel since a young man. After being here several years he was united in marriage with Miss Ella Harding of this town.

At the time of the Klondike gold rush Mr. Copeland was one of several who went from here, but he soon returned home.

He was active in several lines of business, including farm machinery, fertilizer, lumbering, real estate and farming. For many years he has been the manufacturer of a leather bit which has been sold extensively, and in connection with this and other enterprises Mr. Copeland was widely known throughout the State.

He was a past master of Bethel Grange and was always much interested in its various activities.

He is survived by his widow, two brothers, Willis of Boston and Dr. Pearl Copeland of Hyde Park, Mass., besides two nephews, sons of Dr. Copeland.

Private funeral services were held at the home, Wednesday morning at 10:30, Rev. L. A. Edwards officiating.

Gertrude P. Chapman

Word was received last week by the relatives in Bethel of the death of Miss Gertrude Philbrook Chapman in Mopha, Korea, of pneumonia, on March 24th, 1928.

Miss Chapman was the daughter of the late John S. and Arabella Philbrook Chapman and was born in Baton Rouge, La., November 1, 1869. When a young lady she came north with her parents and attended Gould Academy during the year of '85 and '86 under principal A. F. Sweetser.

Her mother died in October, 1896, and her father in November, 1898. Both are buried in Riverside Cemetery.

Returning South, she made her home with her only sister, Mrs. B. Frank Hewson, in Orange, Texas. Mrs. Hewson passed away some years ago.

Last fall Miss Chapman went to Korea to live with her niece, Miss Georgia Hewson, a Red Cross worker, who has charge of the Mopha Hospital for the past year. Although she had been in Korea so short a time, she was affectionately known as "Auntie" and had made a large place for herself in the hearts of all the people.

She was much interested in the missionaries and their work and her passing will be mourned by many.

Ferren—Chandler

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wright, Saturday evening, April 28, when Jesse L. Ferren of Newry and Lorena A. Chandler of Jonesport were united in marriage. The single ring service was used. Only the immediate family were present with the exception of Fred Cooper of Billerica, Mass.

NOTICE

The Selectmen, Treasurer and Clerk will meet in the Selectmen's office Monday, May 7, for the purpose of granting licenses for 1928 to those who wish for such; victuallers, pool rooms, fire arms, etc.

SELECTMEN OF BETHEL.

GROVER HILL

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hatcherson are at the farm getting their house ready for occupancy. Mr. and Mrs. Barton Abbott of West Bethel want to move there as soon as the traveling is suitable.

A. J. Penick is caring for Harry A. Lyon's horse, "Pat," as Frank Abbott has returned him and has purchased one of his own.

Mrs. Linnie Abbott, who has been ill, is improving.

Miss Ina Potter, the Loda's Milk grammar school teacher, was the week end guest of Mr. and Mrs. Fred A. Mundt and family.

Winter visited us again Saturday morning which did not improve road conditions noticeably. At the present time we seem in a fair way to enjoy normal conditions.

Oran H. Saunders of Albany was calling on friends and relatives Monday. He was on his way to West Bethel to visit his son, Carlton, and family a few days. He will then go to Newry for a short time and from there to South Portland to visit his niece, Mrs. Mildred Garrovey, and family before returning to his home in Albany.

Supreme Judicial Court

OXFORD COUNTY

May Term, 1928

Justice Presiding—Hon. Charles E. Barnes.

Clerk—Donald B. Partridge.

Reporter—Mrs. Shute.

County Attorney—William J. Flanagan.

Sheriff—William O. Frothingham.

Deputies—Eddie J. Roderick, Allen J. Reed, Wilbur L. Buck.

Crier—William W. Eustis.

Librarian—James B. Stevenson.

Messenger—Harry A. Taylor.

Turnkey—Fred E. Wheeler.

GRAND JURY

W. W. Andrews, Sumner.

Stella B. Bacon, Woodstock.

William H. Baker, Brownfield.

Walter W. Brink, Newry.

Arthur Bryant, Dixfield.

William B. Decester, Paris.

John F. Ellingwood, Buckfield.

John Hall, Mexico.

Homer Lachance, Rumford.

Quimby D. Millett, Oxford.

Lewis McAllister, Lovell.

D. B. Perry, Hobron.

Elmer E. Bidon, Porter.

E. T. Roberts, Greenwood.

May F. Robinson, Peru.

Remember B. Thurston, Bethel.

Ralph R. Weeks, Roxbury.

TRAVELER JUDGES

Leslie E. Abbott, Woodstock.

Frank A. Baker, Oxford.

Ellen R. Bennett, Norway.

Florence Garland, Porter.

Wallace Gupill, Stow.

Clarence W. Hall, Bethel.

Oscar E. Hardy, Hartford.

Joseph N. Herr, Paris.

A. W. Judkins, Upton.

A. R. Keene, Sumner.

W. Guy Knightley, Paris.

Cleveland Ladd, Byron.

William B. Lord, Fryeburg.

Sara C. Lane, Peru.

Lelia Mae Marshall, Hebron.

Arthur W. Marston, Canton.

Wesman G. McAllister, Lovell.

Rodney McDonald, Rumford.

Sherman McDonald, Brownfield.

A. M. Noble, Hiram.

Lintell C. Reed, Roxbury.

S. S. Richards, Andover.

Elna Bidon, Norway.

Frank C. Bidon, Waterford.

A. H. Ruggles, Rumford.

Maud B. Russell, Hanover.

Frank M. Sanborn, Denmark.

Harry T. Savin, Bethel.

Fred E. Scribner, Albany.

Edmund C. Smith, Mason.

Charles L. Stanley, Mexico.

Allee L. Towle, Dixfield.

Wirt Virgin, Rumford.

Harold Whitman, Buckfield.

George R. Wills, Mexico.

Eugene H. Woodbury, Sweden.

Fannie May Mason

Born in Bethel, July 5, 1857.

Died in Bethel, April 25, 1928.

It is with deep sadness we note the passing on of one whose life has been that of service and cheer.

Born in the house where she died; the daughter of Charles and Melissa M. Russell Mason, the most of her long life has been spent at the old home, where she was a most devoted daughter, giving loving care and companionship to her parents in their declining years. Upon their death she went to the home of a dearly loved younger sister, who was an invalid, and for a long time gave her every care and attention, lavishing upon her an affection and tenderness almost like a mother's. At her death, grief nearly prostrated Miss Mason, but with the indomitable courage characteristic of her race she returned to the homestead, turning her attention to its upkeep.

Some winters she has spent in Portland. Her health has been a source of anxiety to her friends for a long time as she has seemed very frail, but of a cheerful disposition she seldom complained.

A heavy cold contracted last fall kept her in her room the greater part of the winter but for some weeks she had been able to come down the stairs and be about the house although not at all strong. In the morning of April 25th, Mrs. Louise Lowe, who has been with her for a number of months and cared for her with utmost devotion, heard her go to an adjoining room, then return to her bed. A few minutes later Mrs. Lowe spoke to her, as she received no answer she immediately went to her, to find that she had passed quietly into the sleep that knows no awakening.

Her's was a sunny nature, always intent on helping some one to smile, and she will be greatly missed by all with whom she was associated.

She is survived by two brothers, Charles Ayers Mason of Texas and Harry Ezra Mason of Boston, one nephew and several cousins.

The angel came and whispered softly to her, Just at the dawn of day, And with no word to those who loved and knew her She went away.

And with her went the light, that made the old home fair, For now we hear no glad voice, in the gloaming— No footsteps on the stair.

No words of happy welcome, as we enter The old familiar door— But always we shall feel her sunny presence

Near, in all the years that lie before, So quietly the frail barque slipped its moorings, No sound of fluttering sail Came back, to tell us of its going. No hand was waved from back of silver rail.

But on her face the look God gives the soldier Who fights life's battles best, She passed to be with those who went before her To that fair land beyond the Golden West!

A. K. M., April, 1928.

Earthquake Information Desired

The Harvard Seismograph Station desires to obtain information concerning the earthquake of Wednesday, April 26, in this vicinity. Our readers can materially contribute to scientific knowledge of New England earthquakes by forwarding such information as they have on the following lines Harvard Seismograph Station, Geological Museum, Oxford Street, Cambridge, Mass.

1. Name of observer. 2. Address of observer. 3. Location of observer. 4. What he was doing when he noticed the earthquake. 5. Number of shocks, with time and duration of each. 6. State whether the time used is standard time and how determined. 7. Describe what was felt or heard by you during the shock. 8. Describe effects of the shock, rattling of windows, rattling of dishes and bottles, cracking of plaster, falling of chimneys, overthrow of objects, and, if so, in what direction. 9. Was the shock generally observed by all in your vicinity? 10. How seriously were people alarmed by it? 11. Any other notes that may be of interest.

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all those who so kindly remembered us with beautiful flowers, cards, and other nice gifts on our sixtieth wedding anniversary.

MR. AND MRS. H. S. HASTINGS.

SCHOOL NOTES

SOUTH BETHEL SCHOOL

Those not absent or tardy for the week: Dorothy Hall Ruby Vashaw, Jesse Hall, Walter Vashaw, Marion Brown, Harry Vashaw, Harold Stimans, Clyde Yeargles, Robert Kirk, Jr., Myrtle Vashaw, Edith Kirk and Everett Chase.

The pupils receiving 100% in spelling for the week ending April 27 are as follows: Marion Brown, Clyde Yeargles, Robert Kirk, Jr., Harold Stimans, Harry Vashaw, Edith Kirk, Shirley Chase and Richard Harthorne.

WEST BETHEL PRIMARY SCHOOL

Those not absent or tardy for the week of April 27th are as follows: Catherine Bean, Margaret Bennett, Shurwin Bennett, Jessie Brooks, Eugene Cushing, Florice Grover, Sheldon Jordan, Donald Luxton, George Luxton, Barbara Martin, Rodney Martin, Wilma Martin, Lawrence Perry, Robert Whitman and Irene Saunders.

Those receiving 100% in spelling are: Alice Tyler, Shurwin Bennett, Shirley Gilbert, Warren Tyler, George Luxton, Catherine Bean, Rodney Martin, and Margaret Bennett. Sheldon Jordan missed just one word.

Those receiving an average of 80% or over in arithmetic are: Alice Tyler, George Gilbert, Robert Whitman, Wilma Martin, Russell Burris, Barbara Martin, Shurwin Bennett, Florice Grover, Jessie Brooks, Lawrence Perry, Shirley Gilbert, Sheldon Jordan, George Luxton, Catherine Bean, Rodney Martin, Margaret Bennett and Donald Luxton.

WEST BETHEL GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Those not absent or tardy for the week ending April 27th were: 8th grade, Eldon Adams, Kathryn Lowell, Esther Burris, Ruth and Robert Jordan; 7th grade, Alfred Taylor; 6th grade, Edwin Bennett, Elmo Saunders, Phyllis Bennett, Margaret Brooks, Muriel Martin, Robert Kessell, Ernest Westleigh, Rosaline Morrill; 5th grade, Arthur Gilbert, Raymond Tyler.

Those having 100% in spelling for the week: 8th grade, Kathryn Lowell; 6th grade, Robert Kessell, Margaret Brooks. Those missing one word, Esther Burris, Muriel Martin, Ruth Jordan, Ernest Westleigh.

Those having an average of 90% or above in arithmetic were: Kathryn Lowell, Alfred Taylor, Robert Jordan, Phyllis Bennett, Ernest Westleigh, Margaret Brooks, Muriel Martin, Arthur Gilbert, Edwin Bennett.

Literary Union at Bethel Inn, May 19

The annual meeting of the Oxford County Literary Union will be held at Bethel Inn Saturday, May 19. John Clair Minto, literary editor of the Boston Herald will give the address, and anyone not a club member who desires to hear him may do so by paying a small fee. Mrs. James Kerr of Rumford is the reader. The vocal soloist will be Mrs. Winnifred Staples Smith of Dixfield with Mrs. Paul Staples of Rumford as reader. Special guests will be Mrs. John K. Skofield of Portland, president of the Maine Federation of Women's clubs, Mrs. Edward Danforth of Skowhegan a past president and Miss Alice Frost Lord of Lewiston, publicity chairman.

The morning session will open at 10:45 o'clock with luncheon at 1 o'clock. The afternoon meeting will open at 3 o'clock. A report is expected from each club of its year's work.

270 in Oxford County Boys and Girls Clubs

Once more Oxford county boys and girls club members have gained the leadership in the state by having the largest enrollment of any county. The total being 270 at the close of March. Enrollment in the county which led at the middle of the month.

This position of leadership was gained by adding 77 members to the enrollment previously reported, this being the largest increase in enrollment reported by any county for the last half of March. Enrollment in the county this year is at the present time 96 ahead of what it was a year ago on similar date.

Both Washington and Twin club members passed Penobscot in the race for leadership, the enrollment being 233, 218 and Penobscot fourth with 210. Taking the state as a whole the enrollment is 2330, which is 410 more than last year at the close of March and is an increase of 54% members during the last 16 days of March or at the rate of nearly 34 a day.

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FIRE ALARM SIGNALS**

- 1 Alarm, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Main and Paradise Streets.
- 2 Alarm, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
- 3 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Church, Park, Upper High, Upper Broadway, Elm Streets.
- 4 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Block, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
- 5 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Main, Park, Lower High, Lower Broadway, Vernon Streets.
- 6 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Main, Mill, York and Railroad Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send to the alarm immediately.

Be sure to see we are suffering from immobility.

Patrons' names advertised. You will find them reliable.

It Is Our Daily Task

In consideration and solve the pressing problems of our customers, and each one we solve gives us but one more more experience to apply to the next one. This is what keeps us busy—this is why we are best equipped in the way of solving the way it should be done, because you ask us to submit suggestions and quote prices.

We make a Specialty of Fixing FARM STATIONARY

WEST PARIS

Rev. James W. Barr delivered an able sermon before the Odd Fellows and Rebekah Lodges Sunday morning at the Baptist church. The Universalist church were invited guests.

Mrs. Edwin Kay and little son, Douglas, have returned from a visit of several weeks with relatives in Canada.

The W. C. T. U. held a Union meeting at the Universalist Church, Sunday evening and Rev. Eleanor B. Forbes spoke. Subject, "Victory." Music was furnished by a chorus of young people from the different churches.

Rev. E. H. Stever is spending a few days with Rev. A. W. Young, Bryant Pond. On Monday Mr. Stever attended the funeral of Rev. G. H. Hamlin at Lewiston.

Miss Maud Day and Miss Ella Curtis spent the week end with Mrs. Wilford Booker at Portland.

Mrs. Emma W. Chandler of Auburn is the guest of her granddaughter and

husband, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Doughty.

The third annual clerks' ball Thursday evening was the largest social event of the season. There were ninety-five couples in the grand march, with music by Shaw's orchestra. Grange hall was beautifully decorated with green and yellow streamers. The front of the stage was banked with green, and yellow. The lattice work back of the stage was filled with yellow roses and green. The bright dresses of the ladies contrasted very prettily with the decorations. The grand march was led by Dave Crawford, the well known and popular salesman, and Mrs. Dexter W. Gray. The ballroom dance and confetti dance were very pretty. The lucky number prize was won by Mrs. W. B. Raymond and her partner, Dr. Mansur. Refreshments were served by the Jolly Twelve Whist Club.

Miss Mildred Davis has returned to her teaching in Massachusetts after spending two weeks at her home here. Miss Beatrice Davis spent the week

end of the 21st at home.

Mrs. Mabel Mann entertained the Good Will Society Wednesday afternoon. There was a large attendance. There will be an all-day session Wednesday of next week with Rev. E. B. Forbes. A picnic dinner will be served.

At a recent meeting of the Good Will Society Mrs. Martha E. Hill, who will be 85 in a few days, and Mrs. Cynthia H. Curtis, 85, were elected to honorary membership. Both ladies retain their mental and physical faculties, and have been interested and active in the work of the Universalist society during their long and useful lives.

Ernest B. Morgan of Portland was a dinner guest Friday of relatives at H. R. Tuell's.

Mrs. Emma Berry is stopping with Mrs. Elvira J. Dennen, and Anna Wilkins, who has been with her, is at her home.

Raymond Dunham has moved his family to one of the apartments of the

Association Building recently vacated by Harry Rowe. Harry Rowe is living in one of A. Tuell's rents near Trap Corner.

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Whitney and family were callers at Walter Inman's on Sunday.

Mrs. Raymond Dunham and Mrs. Walter Inman were in Lewiston Monday.

Miss Eva Jackson was given a surprise party at the home of her sister, Mrs. Harland Andrews, of South Woodstock in honor of her approaching marriage to Edward Penley. Miss Jackson is employed in the office of the Penley Brothers. Mr. Penley is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Penley and is employed by the Ellingwood Turning Co. They received many beautiful and useful gifts.

Mrs. Roxie Inman entertained the "Chatteaus" at her home on Thursday afternoon. A very enjoyable afternoon was spent by all present. Arrangements were made for Gentlemen's Night. Refreshments were served by the hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Lorenzo Cole and baby are staying with Mrs. Cole's mother, at North Paris while their rent is being repaired.

Mr. and Mrs. Hiram Verrill motored to Lewiston one day last week.

Mrs. Addie Campbell, Mrs. West and Harold Campbell of South Paris were guests of Mrs. Bessie Dunham on Monday.

Magnet Removes Splinters

Fragments of steel lodged in workers' eyes are being removed by a powerful magnet in a London hospital. The large "ring magnet" is placed around the sufferer's face, and the metallic splinter is drawn to an accessible place where it may be easily extracted.

Pessimistic Reflection

E. H. observes—"By the time people have saved enough money to entertain guests properly, they have become cranky and don't want company around."



(Above)—MARION KIWANIS BAND. This fine little band not only furnishes the 3500 people of Marion with music on summer evenings and during celebrations but recently made a trip to Washington, D. C., playing in 22 cities along the way. This is the band Sherwood Anderson is "rooting" for and to whose support Otto Kahn and the rest contributed. Frank Lieto, director, extreme left.

(Left)—Sherwood Anderson says he is happier because he has rescued the band in Marion than if he had written the year's Best Seller, not because he has done a "good deed" but because he'll be sure of band concerts this summer.

Famous Writer, Turned Country Paper Editor, Boosts the Town Band

No wonder the Marion band of Marion, Virginia, considers its troubles over, says the Conn Music Center, Elkhart, Ind. Sherwood Anderson, who is reported to get a nickel a word for his short stories, is championing the band with a half to a column article every week in the Marion papers, which he recently bought.

Not only has this highly paid writer stirred up support in Marion, but many national figures have come to the support of the band. Otto Kahn, international banker and donor to the Metropolitan Opera, has contributed \$100. H. L. Mencken, "cussed" or praised by perhaps more people than any other writer in America, clipped in \$12. So did Horace Liveright, well known publisher. Alfred Knopf, another publisher of New York City, came across with \$5, as did also Fred Black, Ford Motor Co., Detroit, and Brig. General Rosenbaum, Washington, D. C.

Sherwood Anderson says he is not an uplifter. He claims he took up the band cause from his own selfish desires. He says he likes a band. Band music just suits him. He would like to play the biggest horn in the band himself but lacks ability. He would like to be the drum major best of all, he confesses, but he doesn't have the figure. It's in his system, he guesses, as his father used to play a cornet in the same town band with the late President Harding.

His First Story

"What does a band mean to a town?" Anderson asks in one of his first stories. "Better ask what is a town without a band? Life in a town goes on, just so. You know how it is. Merchants selling goods, lawyers fighting their cases, farmers coming into town to buy goods, Spring, summer, fall, winter. People in their houses, women cooking, making beds. Life is dull enough.

"Days come. See, the men of the band have put on their uniforms and are coming up along the street. The big drum is booming, the horns going. Just suppose now, in our town, we are visited by some great man. Hurrah now, let's give him a big day. It may be the governor of the state or some other dignitary. Our principal men are going to meet him down at the station. They have their best cars there, the biggest and best cars we have in town, all our leading citizens. And no band. Pah! What a frost.

"And what about Armistice Day and the Fourth of July?

"Or when the fair is on. "Older men, staid citizens of a town may be able to get along without a band but what about the boys? "When I was a boy my one great yearning was to play the biggest horn in the town band. I never made it. There never was much music in me. "Bill and all, I'm not a great man. What I can't have I don't want to take away from the other fellow.

Fond of the Band

"I still like a band better than almost anything else in a town. Band music just suits me. There they come up the street. Lately I have only seen the Marion band in action a few times and then they didn't have any drum major. I hope they get one again soon. I like to see the fellow in the big bearskin hat with his staff and stepping high and wide



HENRY MENCKEN, the famous Baltimore Bell Weather, who gave a year's dues to the band boys. With his contribution came a note saying, "It is an honor and a pleasure. All I ask is that the boys play 'Die Wacht am Rhein' once a year, preferably on my birthday. Don't let the band die." Anderson wrote back: "O. K., Henry. When is your birthday? We'll have a parade."

"I'd like to do it myself but I haven't got the figure for it. "And how faithful and devoted the band members are. The men of our Marion band, for example, go off to practice twice a week. Far from getting paid for their work they do it without pay. The members even pay dues to keep the band going. "Recently, until these last few weeks, our Marion band has had a band leader who was paid a good salary because he was a good man. He was there to keep the boys up to snuff and would be there now but that he is sick. "But the boys are at it just the same. They are keeping the band up.

Sacrifices of Band Men

"There are men in the Marion band who make a sacrifice every time they go out to play. Bear this in mind. When we want our band most, other towns, that haven't any band, would like one too. Our band gets offers to go all over the Southwest. Such offers almost always come when we need them here. Instead of going out and raking in money they stay here and give their services. "And there are individual members of the band who make a sacrifice every time they go out to play. Do they kick? Not they. "The boys of the band like their band, and so do we. Hurrah, here they come. Music floating on the breeze. Every heart jumping. Life. Music. Zipp. "We like that. "The people of Marion owe it to their band to give it the heartiest kind of support. Get back of them. When they need a little money to keep going, shell out. A good band is the best investment a town can make."

Join the Glory List
"Join the Glory List," Sherwood Anderson headlines another story, and continues. "The Marion Publishing Company doesn't intend to become a crusader. You know how city papers are. Well, we make no pretensions of being a big city paper. We are just a little old country weekly, that's what we are. "Still and all, as Mr. Ring Lardner is so fond of saying, we do not want the big city papers to hang it all over our eyes. City papers are always getting up a crusade for some good cause. They uplift this one or that one. Sometimes whole sections of society get uplifted like that. It's wonderful. "We aren't, however, quite so ambitious. Up to date we have taken on but one cause, and that is the Marion band. It may be the only one we ever will take up. And we are not doing that out of any altruistic purpose. It's just because we like to hear the band play. We like to see them parade. When a big day comes we like to see them put on their uniforms and come blowing their heads off up Main street. "Flags flying, everyone feeling fine. Life is drab enough on ordinary days. We have never found any way to be a canary bird ourselves.

Summer Night Concerts

"What we want is to see the band boys have a little money in the treasury. We want band concerts on summer nights. "O, hearts of gold, who will put up \$5.00 a year over a period of five years to get and keep our band in bang-up financial condition? We are making this appeal not only to Marionites but to all people in the surrounding country who read this paper and who like to come to our town when there is something stirring, or on summer nights to hear the band play.

The King of England, President of the United States, Senators, Politicians, Millionaires, Rich Authors, Poor Ones, Farmers, Merchants, Anyone welcome.

"If you do not want to sign up for



OTTO H. KAHN, international banker, backer of the Metropolitan Opera, music enthusiast and philanthropist, who started the Marion band fund off with a check for \$100. Several other contributions from national figures followed but the bulk of the band fund came from Marion people who value the band as one of the biggest things in the town.

Spirit of the Band

Anderson says he would like to be the drum major in the band but doesn't have the figure. Well, he may be a little plump and his knee action may be a bit stiff but we'll vote for him, anyway. He catches the spirit of the parading band. That's what it takes to be a drum major. "The long represents the town on its gay days," he says. "When the fair comes, when there is a celebration, Fourth of July, any kind of a jamboree when every citizen becomes a boy again, then a good band, stepping gallily out, the drums beating, flags flying—what is a town without a good band?

"You cannot have a good band in debt. You cannot expect the boys to blow gaily, step out with real gusto, when they are in debt. To have a good band requires nights of steady practice, it requires sticking to it. What can you expect when the boys have to come to band meeting and plunk down a dollar just for the privilege of working to be good when we want them good?

"The boys got a little discouraged. Their leader got sick. A lot of them are working boys. They got a little in debt. This paper is no uplift paper. It is just a good, little old country paper. But we like a band. We began writing about the Marion band in our paper. "Well, don't you worry about old Marion. We will rake in many a five-dollar bill for the boys."

Viewpoint of the Band Men

Few have gotten the viewpoint of the small town band as has Sherwood Anderson. He has learned from the band men what they are up against. He also appreciates what the band really means to any town.

"One of the first signs of the decay of a town is when it cannot get up enthusiasm to support a band. The Marion band needs support. Most people don't know it.

"In order to keep themselves up to snuff the boys practice twice a week. They pay a dollar a month out of their own pockets. This isn't fair. They should not be asked to do that. The money goes to pay rent for a hall in which to practice, and other incidental expenses.

"Who will pay the yearly dues for one band boy? This paper will receive it for them. Some of the boys have got behind in their dues. A good many of them work hard for their money. When they get behind they do not feel like coming around to practice and the band suffers. Loyalty of the Band

"Only last Armistice Day our band had an offer to go to another town. They could have gone to \$250 for the day. They stuck to Marion. They have always stuck. We ought to stick to them.

"There is soon to be a show put on in town a part of the proceeds of which go to the band. Support that when it comes along. If you feel like chipping to pay some fellow's dues for a year, we will be glad to hear from you."

When the campaign has run its course, the Marion band will probably be completely outfitted with quadruple gold-plated horns and uniforms with gold braid three inches wide. Anyway, the people of Marion are assured of band concerts this summer and of having a snappy band to liven up all their gala days with music.



HORACE LIVERIGHT, publisher, play producer and literateur. In a letter he says: "I want a little band of my own. Inclosed find \$12 to pay one band boy's dues for the year. Pick me a good one, one with good lungs. Let him blow hard. You tell that band boy that when a big day comes in Marion, I want him to shine his shoes, comb his hair, keep his eyes off the girls and go to it. Lordy, why didn't I learn to blow a horn myself when I was younger! I would like nothing better in this world than to be one of the Marion Band Boys. Here's to them."

THE I ON MA FING

(By D. J.)

"I WISH you were the wife for Peter's mother. This dancer, know of her—nothing. "She is the most ever saw," gloved burning. "Mother, I love her." His arms mother as he continually expressive wealth of curly hair. Mrs. Cary was ready had been hoping for would marry Mary, adopted when her mother's friend had grown up to we would she take. Mrs. Cary was ready had been hoping for would marry Mary, adopted when her mother's friend had grown up to we would she take. Mrs. Cary was ready had been hoping for would marry Mary, adopted when her mother's friend had grown up to we would she take.

But Peter only smile time had he to think mess when the most the world had consent. "Where will you live again.

Peter frowned. The cloud on the horizon. "Mitzel wants to know he said slowly. "By coax her out of that do a little here bazaar," he finished.

Mrs. Cary's mouth she said nothing. She said against the served to set Peter's

She watched him enter and entering his car disaster hovering could she do? It was by while you only a son contracted a man mean his ruin. Not knew anything about a fabled dancer shocked ready she had above remaining with her there was Mary. Mary, Peter, and she had the present that he to Mary.

But that evening home to dinner, the mother at the table. he frowned. "Why do her?"

"Mary decided at to accept the invitation to summer with the Williams," said Mrs. Cary. "Well, I like the Peter as he said his back on his plate. "And any good-by to mother. "Any day all day with Mitzel you'd be interested."

"Who all will be asked after an invitation? That Jack Williams. "Yes, Jack and I. "I don't like the ruffled Peter. "Mitzel what you could be the Mary to go off with out me too."

"Oh, Mary can we self, besides, you know ways been crazy about dreamily.

"Yes, I do know—been thinking of—don't approve of him the sort that would py—"

"Well, the child with her own husband—day that parents she she reminded.

"Now, you're talking aren't you?" he asked man and I know more than Mary does."

He got into his house. It had been since the Mitzel wait and accompany.

He didn't like the about her like flies weren't the kind she his wife—well—he ex like a miracle should she became his wife.

That Mitzel eluded and when he finally man he learned that Peter's blood at the 11th he had married her early the next out about all this. more consideration flash that thought, or other the station itself. Now that M be away he missed it.

Mitzel only laughed day and told him to be the husband of an have to overlook such all right when the Peter had left her a flaw existed in her.

To add to his trouble from Mary—the first her engagement to J the most unkind thing done to Peter. He cing of elation to his very much surprised should feel so enthusiastic He had thought she marry Mary.

Besides there was behaving at all as

THE RING ON MARY'S FINGER

(By D. J. Walsh.)

"I WISH you would come to your senses and see that Mary is the wife for you, Peter," said Peter's mother to him that night. "This dancer, now what do you know of her—nothing!"

"She is the most beautiful woman I ever saw," glowed Peter, his eyes burning. "Mother, I know you will love her." His arms went around his mother as he continued. "Such wonderfully expressive eyes—such a wealth of curly hair—such tiny feet."

Mrs. Cary was really worried. She had been hoping for years that she would marry Mary, the girl she had adopted when her mother (Mrs. Cary's dearest friend) had died. The girl had grown up to worship Peter. How would she take this new turn of events? Mrs. Cary wondered.

"Do you know anything about her antecedents?" asked the practical mother. "You wouldn't want to have a wife you would be ashamed of, you know."

But Peter only smiled at her. What time had he to think of such foolishness when the most wonderful girl in the world had consented to be his wife.

"Where will you live?" asked mother again.

Peter frowned. That was the only cloud on the horizon.

"Mitzl wants to keep on dancing," he said slowly. "But I think I can coax her out of that idea. She might do a little here for charity and bazaar."

Mrs. Cary's mouth shut firmly, but she said nothing. Certainly anything she said against the marriage only served to set Peter's mind the firmer.

She watched him going out the door, entering his car with a sense of disaster hovering over her. What could she do? It was hard to sit idly by while your only and most beloved son contracted a marriage that might mean his ruin. Not that Mrs. Cary knew anything about her, but a professional dancer shocked her. And already she had avowed her intention of remaining with her career. Besides there was Mary. Mary was devoted to Peter, and she had thought up until the present that he was also devoted to Mary.

But that evening when Peter came home to dinner, there was only his mother at the table. "Where's Mary?" he frowned. "Why can't we wait for her?"

"Mary decided at the last minute to accept the invitation to spend the summer with the Wilson-Smiths in the mountains," said Mrs. Cary coolly.

"Well, I like that," complained Peter as he laid his fork full of food back on his plate. "Couldn't she wait and any good-by to me?"

"She decided so suddenly," excused mother. "Anyway you were so busy all day with Mitzl that she didn't think you'd be interested."

"Who all will be on the party?" he asked after an interval of silence.

"That Jack Williams, I suppose."

"Yes, Jack and George and—"

"I don't like either of them," interrupted Peter. "Mother, I don't know what you could be thinking of to allow Mary to go off with that bunch—without me too."

"Oh, Mary can well look after herself, besides, you know Jack has always been crazy about her." She ended dreamily.

"Yes, I do know—that's what I've been thinking of—" he rose hastily. "I don't approve of him, either—he's not the sort that would make her happy."

"Well, the child will have to choose her own husband—you said only to day that parents shouldn't interfere," she reminded.

"Now, you're talking about Mitzl, aren't you?" he asked. "Well, I'm a man and I know more what I want than Mary does."

He got into his coat and left the house. It had been a nightly occurrence since the Mitzl affair that Peter wait and accompany her to her hotel.

He didn't like the men that hung about her like flies about sweets. They weren't the kind she should know. As his wife—well—he expected something like a miracle should take place when she became his wife.

But Mitzl eluded him that evening and when he finally braved the door, man he learned that she had gone out to a midnight supper. Fury raged in Peter's blood at the insult. Well, wait till he had married her! He would see her early the next morning and find out about all this. He would have more consideration or—Peter didn't finish that thought. For some reason or other the vision of Mary intruded itself. Now that Mary was going to be away he missed her dreadfully.

Mitzl only laughed at him the next day and told him that he was old-fashioned and that if he expected to be the husband of an artist he would have to overlook such things. It sounded all right when she said it, but after Peter had left her he felt vaguely that a flaw existed in her reasoning.

To add to his troubles a letter came from Mary the first week announcing her engagement to Jack! That was the most unkind thing she had ever done to Peter. He could add no feeling of elation to his mother's. He was very much surprised that his mother should feel so enthusiastic about it all. He had thought she wanted him to marry Mary.

Besides there was Mitzl. She wasn't behaving at all as he thought she should. Not a bit as Mary would. Peter was finding out about the pangs of jealousy, too. He thought Mitzl should cut her list of men now that she was engaged to be married. But he didn't know how it happened that Mary's engagement irritated him about as much as Mitzl's disapproval.

He hadn't expected that of Mary. "How did she know that I wasn't going to marry her myself?" he demanded of his mother one day.

Mrs. Cary raised her eyes. "You are engaged to Mitzl, aren't you? Certainly Mary may have a preference other than you. It looks indeed as if she had!"

Letter after letter followed from Mary. They were filled with Jack and the future they had planned. There had been hunting trips with Jack and fishing trips. They went hiking all day long every Sunday.

Peter frowned at that. She shouldn't do such a thing. Jack was not to be trusted too much.

Then after what seemed like an eternity Mary came home again. She had to get her trousseau ready, she said as she kissed Mrs. Cary and held out her hand to Peter. That was the reason she had to cut her visit short by two months.

"Well, don't I get a kiss from the bride?" scowled Peter as he took her cool hand.

"Wouldn't Mitzl object?" she asked, teasing, as she gave him her cheek. But he turned her about and planted his kiss directly upon her red lips.

"Mitzl has nothing to say about this—I can kiss my sister if I want to," Mrs. Cary withdrew and left them alone.

Mary looked up from his shoulder after a minute. "Those aren't sister kisses, Peter—Jack would object to them, I know."

But he only strengthened his hold about her. "You mustn't!" She put a finger on his lips as he bent his head again. "Please let me go, now, Peter dear, you're a perfect bore."

"Say that again," said Peter. "Say what?" She made a pretense of ignorance.

"Call me dear again!" he insisted. "I like to hear it."

"Oh, run along and let me get my trunks unpacked," she said sharply. "Get Mitzl to call you dear—it would be more fitting."

"No, it wouldn't—I've got nothing to do with Mitzl," he explained.

"When did you break the engagement? Or did she?" she asked suspiciously.

"Well, I intend to," he frowned.

"Oh, don't do that, Peter," she begged, her eyes wide. But all the time her heart raced.

"Don't you care for me any more?" he asked brokenly.

She twisted her fingers. "Why, of course—but—"

"But nothing—you used to care, Mary. What has happened?"

"Well, there's Jack for one—he must be considered—and there's Mitzl."

He stared down at her dully for a moment. Then he released her and walked to the window. What a fool he had been to let her get away from him. He hadn't realized that he had missed her until she went away. Somehow he had always taken it for granted that Mary would always be around.

Mary's eyes were dreamy as she took a flashing diamond from her third finger and dropped it into her jewel case. Then she picked it up again and kissed it.

That evening at dinner Peter paid especial attention to Mary, diamond and all. He frowned when he saw it, though. Confound the man! He had been in a terrible hurry to brand her. After dinner he asked her to walk with him in the garden. A round moon bathed the place with enchantment.

"Mary," he said suddenly, taking one of her hands, "Mitzl and I decided that we made a mistake—marriage isn't for her, she says."

She looked away while her heart thumped furiously.

"Do you suppose I could ever make you care for me, dear?" he asked.

"Would you let me try now?"—a wink from the ring caught his eyes—he turned his back a moment.

"What would we do with Jack?" she murmured softly.

He took her hand, then, and removed the ring from her finger. "We will just take this off right now."

"You see," he went on as she was about to protest. "I happened to meet Jack today and found out from him that—well, he didn't know that he was engaged and he hadn't been near your camp."

He smothered the startled cry she was about to utter, but it must have been all right, for in a few days another diamond appeared on Mary's finger.

Close Resemblance

He had just left the club and was walking rather unsteadily down the street, when he thought he saw his wife.

Making doubtful progress in the woman's direction, he threw his arms about her and, to his horror, discovered she was a total stranger. He hastened to apologize.

"Scuse me," he gasped, "thought you were my wife."

"And you're a fine husband for any woman to have, aren't you?" screamed the lady in a rage.

"There, y'see!" ejaculated the gentleman triumphantly. "You talk just like her, too!"—London Answers.

More Sophisticated

"Dearest," he said rather sadly, "it doesn't seem like the same old smile you used to give me."

"No, Jack," she returned, "this is a new one. I've been studying at a school of dramatic art."

Entertainment Features at Legion Convention

The national convention of the American Legion and its Auxiliary, to be held at San Antonio, Texas, October 8 to 12, will surpass in wealth of entertainment, in interest and in notable events the great convention held in Paris last year, according to National

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE

Whereas William H. Powers, then of Newry, County of Oxford, State of Maine, by his mortgage deed dated the third day of October, 1903, and recorded in Oxford County Registry of Deeds, book 259, page 283, conveyed to Bethel Savings Bank, a corporation organized under the laws of the State of Maine, and located at Bethel, in said County, a certain parcel of real estate situated in said Newry; and being the same premises conveyed to said William H. Powers by one J. Frank Wilson by his deed dated April 9, 1884, recorded in said registry, book 205, page 108, and bounded as follows: northerly by land formerly of Herbert M. Kendall; easterly by Sunday River, so called; southerly by land of Harry A. Williamson; westerly by land of J. Howell Crosby, the same being what is commonly known as the William H. Powers home place as formerly occupied by him; and whereas said mortgage was thereupon assigned by said Bethel Savings Bank to Augustus G. Littlehale, the undersigned, by its deed of assignment recorded in said registry, book 372, page 197; and whereas the condition of said mortgage has been broken:

Now, therefore, by reason of the breach of the condition thereof I claim a foreclosure of said mortgage.

Dated April 25th, 1928.

AUGUSTUS G. LITTLEHALE,

State of Maine. April 25th, 1928.

Subscribed and sworn to as true by the said Augustus G. Littlehale, before me,

ELLERY C. PARK,

J. Justice of the Peace.

STATE OF MAINE

To all persons interested in either of the Estates hereinafter named.

At a Probate Court, held at Paris, in and for the County of Oxford, on the third Tuesday of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight. The following matters having been presented for the action thereupon hereinafter indicated, it is hereby ORDERED:

That notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford County Citizen a newspaper published at Bethel, in said County, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at said Paris on the third Tuesday of May, A. D., 1928, at 9 o'clock in the forenoon, and be heard thereon if they see cause.

Edgar E. Chase late of Bethel, deceased; will and petition for probate thereof and the appointment of Mary A. Chase as executrix of the same to act without bond as expressed in said will presented by said Mary A. Chase, the executrix therein named.

Henry M. Osgood late of Bethel, deceased; petition that Ellery C. Park or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased presented by Nancy N. Osgood, widow.

Clara M. Bartlett late of Bethel, deceased; first and final account presented for allowance by Frank R. Bartlett, executor.

Harriet H. Sanborn late of Bethel, deceased; petition for determination of intestacy presented by Benjamin W. Kimball, administrator of the estate of said deceased.

Alma R. Stanley late of Bethel, deceased; first account presented for allowance by Mary C. Stanley, administratrix.

Harriet H. Sanborn late of Bethel, deceased; petition for order to distribute balance remaining in his hands presented by Benjamin W. Kimball, administrator.

Witness, Henry H. Hastings, Judge of said Court at Paris this 17th day of April in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-eight.

ALBERT D. PARK, Register.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of

Anna A. Bryant late of Greenwood in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

MABEL H. TIRRELL, April 18th, 1928. Locke's Mills, Maine.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of

Charles Chase late of Tippecanoe in the County of Oxford, deceased, without bond. All persons having demands against the estate of said deceased are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

J. ORNE DOUGLASS, April 18th, 1928. Tippecanoe, Maine.

NOTICE

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he has been duly appointed Conservator of the estate of Eugene McAllister of Newry in the County of Oxford, and given bonds as the law directs. All persons having demands against the estate of said ward are desired to present the same for settlement, and all indebted thereto are requested to make payment immediately.

HUGH D. THURSTON, April 20th, 1928. Bethel, Maine.

Adjutant, James F. Barton.

Barton, in checking over plans for the convention, expressed himself as especially well pleased with the convention entertainment program.

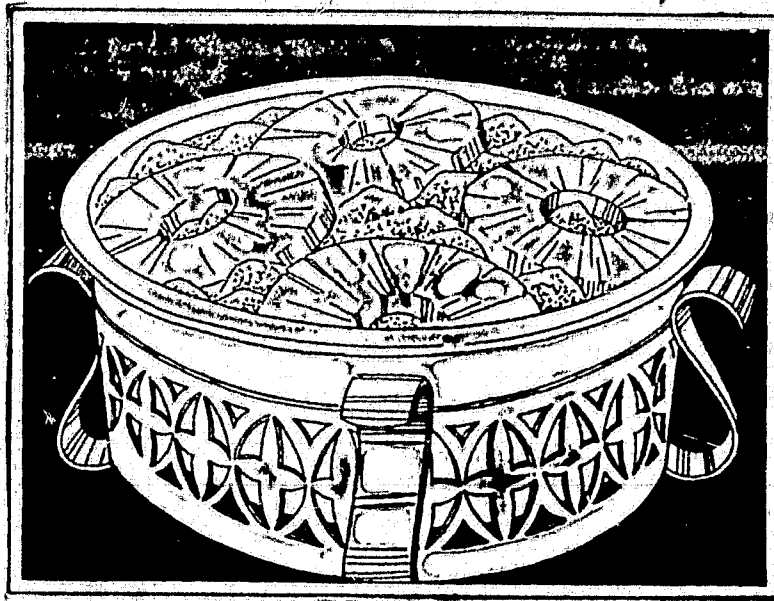
Entertainment features include a world's championship rodeo with the biggest prize money of the year and the leading cowboy and cowgirl entertainers, a decision prize fight at Fort Sam Houston with two principal contenders for the world's welterweight title, spectacular battle exercises by the second Division using tanks, airplanes, liquid fire and all the latest methods of warfare, the greatest air circus ever staged in America.

Other entertainment specialties will be a Broadway show, a Mexican revue with the best actors, singers and dancers from the City of Mexico, the famous City of Mexico Police Band.

More than 100 Legion bands and drum corps from all parts of the United States are expected to be in attendance at the convention, according to Philip B. Strapp, general convention director. Distinguished visitors from abroad and leaders in many fields of American life will be present.

To the convention parade, always a spectacular affair with its thousands of marching men and women, the entire day of Tuesday, October 9, will be devoted, Mr. Barton decided. The marching columns will be reviewed on historic Alamo Plaza, where stands the Alamo, cradle of Texas liberty.

In addition to the convention entertainment planned at San Antonio, side trips will be conducted to various points on the border. One will cover Corpus Christi and the principal towns of the Magic Valley of the Lower Rio Grande, ending with a Spanish celebration at Matamoros. Others will go to Nuevo Laredo and Piedras Negras, where bull fights will be staged and a Spanish



POTATOES AND PINEAPPLE

THE housewife who likes to serve a meatless meal now and then, particularly in the summer, casts around in her mind for new combinations with which to tempt her family.

A recipe that satisfactorily fulfills the requirements of a meatless meal must be hearty and at the same time "tasty." It must have plenty of calories in it, and yet not be too heavy. An ideal combination that meets all these exigencies is sweet potatoes and Hawaiian pineapple. These two foods used together supply the necessary calories, starch, protein and vitamins. Here are two good recipes.

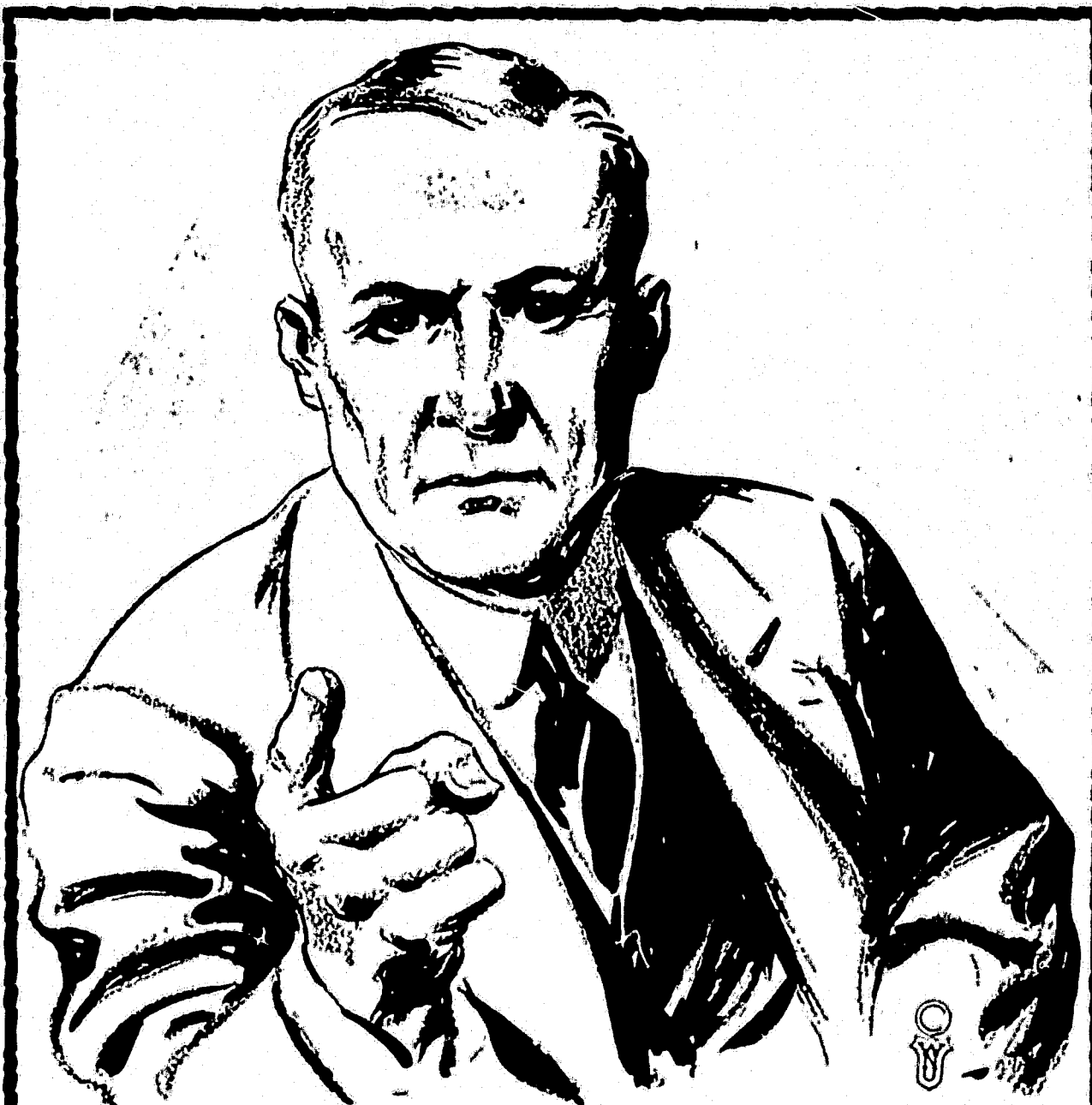
Two Meatless Dishes

Sweet Potatoes and Hawaiian Pineapple in Casserole: Place in a casserole two cups of cold

boiled sweet potatoes cut in quarter inch slices. Cover with a can of sliced Hawaiian pineapple cut in small pieces, and pour over the following ingredients: one-half cup brown sugar, four teaspoons butter, one teaspoon salt, two tablespoons red cinnamon drops. Let bake slowly for an hour.

Hawaiian Pineapple and Candied Sweet Potatoes: Cook and drain six medium sized potatoes, cut in half lengthwise. Put in a buttered pan. Cut in cubes six slices of Hawaiian pineapple and place on top. Brush with a syrup made of one-half cup brown sugar, one-fourth cup water and three tablespoons butter. Bake fifteen minutes, basting at intervals with part of the syrup which has been kept out for the purpose.

feasts held. Elaborate preparations are being made for these.



A Plain Talk

To get business, you must go after it. People will not spend their money unless they feel the need of an article. To create a desire for the merchandise in your stock—advertise it, tell the people the advantages of buying and using it.

The columns of this paper, with illustrated stories of your merchandise, will go a long way toward increasing your business.

The OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN
BETHEL, MAINE
PHONE 18-11

THE OXFORD COUNTY CITIZEN

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
AT BETHEL, MAINE
CARL L. BROWN, Publisher
Entered as second class matter, May 7, 1905, at the post office at Bethel, Maine.

Cards of Thanks, 75c. Resolutions of Respect, \$1.00. Reading notices in town items, 10c per line.
All matter sent in for publication in the Citizen must be signed, although the name of the contributor need not appear in print.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1928

"My Number 210"

By Helen Lore Sharp

Bounding a point on the shore of Lake Umbagog I came upon two fishermen—a man and his wife, from New York, according to the number plates on their automobile. Fishermen are kindly, friendly folk, so I paused a moment. Out in the chop, where the channel current met the incoming tide of the lake, a little scamp duck was rearing. The bird was within gun range, watchful but unafraid.

"I wish I had my Number 210 here," said the fishermen. "I'd stop that pretty bobbing out there."

There was no conscious evil in the man's heart, just aboriginal savagery and gross matter-of-factness. He had been educated to shoot from childhood. He saw the "pretty bobbing" of the little duck but it meant only one thing to him—a rare shot, for this bird is quicker than the flash of powder. He did not want it to eat, he wanted it only to kill. He had been educated to kill.

I quietly looked him over—a man of fifty, probably, his speech clean and frank like his face; a mid-western merchant and farmer; not illiterate and not untraveled, with the marks of illness in his face and manner. He was here in Florida, he told me, trying to regain

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"WHITE GOLD"

10c and 25c

SATURDAY, MAY 5

Buck Jones

IN

"CHAIN LIGHTNING"

BLUEN STRAIP WESTERN

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COMING—"The Big Parade"

What Price Food?

Kellogg's or Post Toasties Corn Flakes 3 pkgs. 25c
Chivers' Marmalade, 10c jar, 25c
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Dixie Anker Butter 1 lb. 10c
Amaly's Raisinettes 1 lb. jar 25c
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First National Stores Inc.
Where You Can Buy the Best Food
at the Lowest Price

C. L. DAVIS

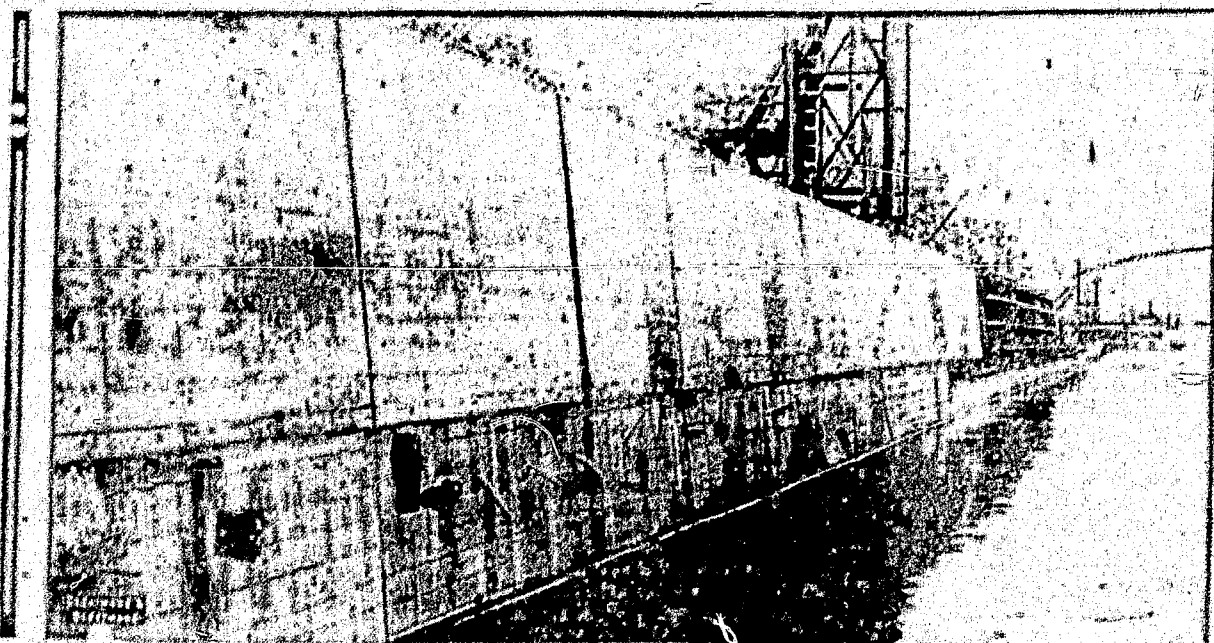
DEALER IN

McCormick-Deering

and

John Deere
FARM MACHINES

Beardstown, Ill., Builds Water Wall



Father Noah provided an ark to guard against a deluge, but Beardstown, Ill., people, after repeated visitations of that nature, plan its faith in a concrete wall, 3,070 feet in length and 22 feet in height, which has just been completed. The wall will protect the city at a flood stage of 25 feet, but a 2-foot splash board can be quickly attached should the water reach the top of the wall.

his health. There is no "average man" of course, but there is the "American man" by the millions, and this was one of the millions.

The first shadows of twilight were graying the waters of Lake Worth and darkening along the opposite hammock-wooded wall. Tall and strangely tropical to our unaccustomed eyes the cabbage and coconut palms, overtopping the hammock growth, were etched against the graying and narrow line of the Palm Beach shore.

"Wonderful scene, isn't it?" sighed the fisherman, stopped by the beauty of the picture as he wound in his line. "So different, too, from Nebraska in January!"

The next morning found me early in the flatwoods on the Indian Town Road, not far from Lake Okechobee. Travelers South know from the car window only the interminable flatness of the flatwoods, and the interminable pines. To the traveler on foot or by motorcar, however, who has an eye for composition and color, there is little forest scenery in America so full of scenery as the flatwoods of Florida. The last cracker shack was miles behind me; square miles of utter stillness, and red-brown columned spaces, and wild untroubled freedom; if there could be such freedom, were about me, when I stopped the car in the narrow sandy road in order to avoid running over a dead bird.

It was a red-shouldered hawk in perfect spring plumage. I picked up the beautifully built creature, its back, its crooked talons, its large piercing eyes and soaring spirit, strong, fierce, and cloud-climbing, only feathers, "owl-downy, soft feminine feathers" in my hand. A single shot had broken its wing.

I thought of the Nebraska fisherman and his "pretty bobbing" of the duck. Somebody had brought his "Number 210" with him here and stopped the pretty wheeling of the hawk above the high picturesque roof of the pines. Marvellous wings. And yet a shot can stop them. Another bird of the same species, not unlike the mate of the dead one, was swooping from pine-top to pine-top about me with shrill, menacing cries. Its voice was of the forest. These are birds that belong to the remote wild range of the flatwoods, part of the picture, informing—quite of the vastness. High in the blue the ever-present vultures were waiting.

How slow is education that one must still expect this thing. Back along the road I had passed some wretched attempts at farming. Not far behind me lay the white piled window of a road from a huge drainage canal through the Everglades, reaching dim and far off through the weeds. I had come through a burnt-over section of the woods, one big dead pine, the last fossil of the fire, still aflame. These things I might deplore, but they belonged in a different moral category from the dead bird. The farming of the shallow sand of the flatwoods is pathetic; the drainage of the empire of the Everglades is inevitable; the forest fire might have been, and usually is, sheer criminal carelessness; but the wanton killing of beauty, the silencing of the wild voice of the wilderness, the destruction of the vermillion hawk, this silencing of birds is beyond palliation and without defence except as we plead ignorance, primitive instincts, savage customs, and ancient sanctions, that even in America should have been outlawed more than a century ago.

I was amazed at the lightness of the bird in my hand. "Owl-downy" it was truly more feathers. Then my finger felt the sharp sternum bone and blowing back the feathers, I saw only skin and bones. The wounded bird had slowly starved to death. Just one tiny seed had made lead of the feathered, powerful wing, and the bird had dropped into the tall grass of the forest, had dragged itself out to the ditch along the road and finally died there, trying to pick up a living from

Plans for July Fourth at Bath

A volunteer fireman's muster which may bring from 5,000 to 8,000 contestants from all parts of New England to take part in a gala carnival on the 85th anniversary of the first muster ever held in the United States, of which this city was the scene, is being planned here as part of a Fourth of July celebration which will make Bath the state center of Independence Day observance this year.

Under the chairmanship of Senator J. Edward Drake, a committee is at work on a fireman's parade and competition which is expected to have the official sanction of the New England Association. This will bring famous companies from Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Rhode Island into open contest with companies from 17 Maine cities and towns. Invitations have gone out to fifty-two of the celebrated fire-fighting organizations of those states, and this list may be doubled if arrangements now being worked out with the state associations are successful.

On the present list of invited competitors are Maine companies from Rockland, Rockport, Boothbay Harbor, Brunswick, Westbrook, Portland, Lisbon Falls, Berwick, Topsham, Hallowell, Boothbay, Thomaston, Damariscotta and Randolph. Massachusetts organizations will include famous aggregations from Brockton, Cambridge, Newburyport, Salem, Cambridge, Somerville, Charlestown, Braintree, Everett, Marblehead, Newton, Weymouth, Waltham, South Hadley, Roxbury, Amherst, Worcester, Pepperell, Malden, Hingham and Gardner. New Hampshire will be represented by companies from Portsmouth, Nashua, and Manchester, while Rhode Island's list of probable contestants includes fire-fighters from Bristol, Natick, Pawtucket, Riverdale, Central Falls and Arlington.

The old Kennebec, of Bath, will be in competition, along with the Senator Baxter and other famous local machines. It is considered likely now that an

exhibition of work of modern fire apparatus will be added to the program. The fireman's muster, while distinct from other events on Bath's Fourth of July schedule, will take place in the forenoon preceding the final performance of the big historical pageant which will be the central feature of the state celebration of the opening of the Carleton Bridge here. More than 1,000 persons will be actors in the pageant, which begins on June 30 and will be repeated on July 2, 3 and 4, with two performances on the last day.

Depersonalization is extreme in our industrial world.

This was the "open season" for hunters in Florida, which implies a closed season, of course. Not so long ago it was always open season. The open season is now shorter than the closed season and growing shorter every year. Education has done a wonderful work. It seems to be our only means. But it is fatally slow. For men will live by instinct, not instruction, still carry guns and speak fondly of "My Number 210."—Our Dumb Animals.

The Great A & P Tea Co.
Milk, White House, 3 tall cans, 25c
Ocoon, Herasheys or A & P.
2 1/2 lb. tins, 25c

RICE, Blue Rose, 4 lbs., 19c
IVORY Soap, 2 lb. bars, 21c
Seedless Raisins, 3 pkgs., 25c
Seeded Raisins, 3 pkgs., 25c
Helms Baked Beans, 3 cans, 25c
Mellix Tooth Paste, tube 19c
Gillette Blades, pkg. of 5, 35c
Brillo, 1 lb. pkg., 9c

COOKIE SPECIALS
Ginger Snaps, 3 lbs., 25c
Fig Bars, 2 lbs., 25c
C. W. LAMB, Mgr.

NORTHWEST BETHEL

Little Kathleen and Grace Skillings are visiting their grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Skillings.

Philip Brown worked for Albert Skillings some last week.

Mrs. Gladys Gibbs is boarding at home now.

H. A. Skillings is helping Albert Skillings to move to his farm on the Flat road.

Frank Raimy has come to operate the ferry this season.

Floyd Coolidge resumed his work at Thurston's mill Monday after having an attack of appendicitis.

Miss Myrtle Wilson spent the week end at her home.

Miss Dora Perkins of Portland is the guest of her mother, Mrs. Helen Perkins.

Warren Brown spent the week end at his home here.

EAST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Robert D. Hastings have had some repairs made on their house.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Swan have returned from visiting relatives in Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mrs. W. B. Bartlett accompanied them. She spent her time with her sister, Mrs. Ione Holt, Neponset, Mass.

Herbert L. Holt of Neponset, Mass., is very ill and has a trained nurse.

Lee Perham of Casco is working for people here. He whitens rooms, papers and does other work.

The ladies' division of the Farm Bureau recently held a meeting at the Grange Hall, also met and cleaned the Hall.

Cedric Russell recently visited his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Porter Farwell, for his vacation.

Evolutionists, "When did the monkey begin to talk?"

Clearance Sale

STARTING MAY 7th

Canned Goods - Groceries - Cookies

and discontinued lines of

Hardware - Mens' Work Gloves

Patent Medicines - Lamp and Lantern Globes

Soap and Soap Powder

Milk Bottles and Caps

and other articles too numerous to mention

ALL BELOW COST

Big bargain table of miscellaneous articles
values up to 50c, to be sold from 1c to 10c.

Beckler's Tea Room

Church Street, Bethel

Open Evenings

Live within your income,

You can't live without one

Start a Savings Account

PARIS TRUST CO.

SOUTH PARIS

BUCKFIELD

Fred S. Brown

Dry Goods - Garments - Kitchenware

NORWAY, MAINE

Navy Coats for Spring

Is Fashion's Latest Edict

NAVY BLUE COATS

always looks well for service or for dress up. The very latest style has wide fur cuffs and heart-like silk throws at the neck. These give a very smart effect when thrown over the shoulders. In this style are some National blue, it's a light navy, on the shades of our flag. Come in and try these on.

\$16.50 to \$29.50

SEMI-TAILORED NAVY COATS

For something to wear several seasons, fine twills, fur collars in grey and tan, a few with long shawl collars of fur. Full lined, sizes 14 to 18 1/2. Prices

\$16.50, \$19.50, up to \$34.75

Patronize the Home Ad

Who,

NEWRY

P. M. Walker loaded a car

last Friday.

H. R. Powers and family

Rumford Falls last Thursday

Henry Learned called at W

ers last Sunday.

Mrs. Selma McPherson was

over last Friday afternoon.



Be one of my satisfied
customers

HAVE YOUR HAIR CUT

ENMAN

barber shop

House cleaning

Why?

Curtain Scr

12c

Rayon D

R

Bethel

5 Tube Ra

RADIOLA

N

GOOD

CROCKE

STILL

We

A Large V

stand

in Stamped Co

Special Sav

Hand decorated

L. M.

Who, When and Where in Oxford County

NEWRY

P. M. Walker loaded a car of skewers last Friday.

H. R. Powers and family were at Rumford Falls last Thursday.

Henry Learned called at Walter Powers last Sunday.

Mrs. Selma McPherson was in Hanover last Friday afternoon.



Be one of my satisfied customers

HAVE YOUR HAIR CUT AT

ENMAN'S
barber shop

Looked Like Pleasantry

Two Ohio policemen have been exonerated in failing to terminate a restaurant disturbance because the principals talked in Greek and the policemen were unable to tell whether they were angry or merely exchanging compliments.—Philadelphia Inquirer.



"Save to educate
your children and
educate your children
to save"

BETHEL SAVINGS BANK
BETHEL, MAINE

SOUTH PARIS

Mrs. William Johnson and two children of Westbrook have been guests of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Judkins.

Paye Blake, owner of the Norway Paris Bus Co., has been laid up the past week with blood poisoning in his hand. His father, T. D. Blake, has been driving the bus.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Leach, who have been in Georgia for some years, have returned and are living in his father's house at present.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Judkins and daughter have visited her brother and wife, Mr. and Mrs. William McKenzie at Gilead recently.

Miss Anna Taylor, who underwent a surgical operation at the Maine General Hospital last Monday is making a good recovery.

Miss Glenna Knight was unable to teach at the Porter Street school on account of illness and has gone to a hospital in Portland for treatment. Mrs. F. C. Packard is substituting for her.

Rev. O. E. Bryant arrived home Wednesday from North Carolina.

Emery Jordan is working in Buckfield.

Mrs. Grace Thayer Fogg has sold her undertaking business to Clarence Huff of Strong.

James Mason moved his household furniture from Falmouth Foreside and stored it in P. S. Mason's house last week.

A pleasant surprise was given to Mrs. Marcie Millett at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Donald Benn, on Friday afternoon, when nine of her neighbors came with their sewing to spend the afternoon. Also present were Mrs. Millett's two sisters, Mrs. Harrietta Willey and Mrs. Abbie Heath and a niece, Mrs. Lulu Gilbert of Norway. The occasion was Mrs. Millett's birthday. She was the recipient of many nice gifts including a beautiful bouquet of flowers from her neighbors, accompanied by an original poem written by Mrs. Philena Bitts, seventy years old. Refreshments were served by Mrs. Benn. Mrs. Millett has been in the house all winter from rheumatism, but is beginning to get out some now.

NORTH NEWRY

Erva Vail was a guest of Miss Amy Hanscom, Friday and Saturday.

Jesse L. Perren and friend, Fred Cooper are guests of his sister, Mrs. L. E. Wight and family this week.

Daniel Wight was at home from Goulds over the week end.

The grange meeting was postponed Saturday night on account of the rain and had traveling.

Harry Jaasonson was in town Saturday.

Earle Enman called at L. E. Wight's Monday night.

Herbert Morton was in Bethel Wednesday of last week.

Harold Bennett was in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Simmons and family are at David Enman's assisting him with his work.

Ray Thompson broke his arm cranking an automobile. He went to Rumford, Tuesday, to have an X-ray taken.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Morton entertained at dinner Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Steven Lord and daughter Akens, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reed and son, Elliot, Miss Doris Morton and niece, Elaine Vail.

Mrs. Henry Learned called at Mrs. Herbert Morton's Tuesday evening.

Circle Supper will meet with Mrs. Frank Bennett Saturday, May 5th.

There will be services in the Church Sunday, May 6th.

Don't forget the Annual Sugar Eat Friday, May 4th.

SOUTH BETHEL

Frank Brooks and Charles Mason were at West Paris one day last week.

Mrs. Mary Chase has a pen of 12 White Wyandotte hens that began laying the first day of November and laid to the first day of April 1150 eggs. During this time one hen set two weeks and is now the mother of 17 incubator chickens.

Walter Walker and son, Gerald, of South Paris visited relatives in town Sunday.

Shirley Chase and family of Bethel village have moved to the home of his mother, Mrs. Mary Chase.

Mrs. Walter Yeargo had the misfortune of losing fifty chickens Friday evening when the place in which she had them burned.

The Fuller brush man was in this vicinity last week.

Roderick Hartthorne of South Paris visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hartthorne, over the week end.

Emma Cross is working in the Telephone mill at Locke's Mills.

Ralph Day of East Bethel was at Frank Brooks' Friday.

WEST BETHEL

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Soames and Mrs. Celia Bell of Boston were week end guests of Mrs. Alice Ordway.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert Bennett spent the week end in Shelburne.

Clarence Bennett unloaded a carload of Chrysler cars Friday.

Mrs. Laurence Lord of Bethel spent Saturday with her mother, Mrs. Alice Ordway.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Morse are occupying Mrs. Mellen Whitman's house. Mrs. Charles McInnis returned Saturday from Bethel where she has been caring for Mrs. Harold Bartlett and son.

Kenneth McInnis has bought a house lot on the Flat road and will start building a house soon.

BRYANT POND

The fire alarm was sounded again Sunday morning about 9:30 when a chimney fire broke out at the D. D. Pevely place on upper Main Street. Help arrived quickly and the blaze was soon extinguished with little damage being done.

The annual Junior Prom was held at the Grange Hall Friday evening. Decorations of crepe paper and evergreen were very attractive. Music was furnished by Shaw's orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. Everett Howe were Sunday guests of her father, Perley Farrington, at South Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Taylor are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Saturday, April 28th.

Rev. E. H. Stover of West Paris delivered a very pleasing sermon Sunday morning at the Baptist Church.

Mr. Swett of South Paris has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. Fred Tyler.

Mrs. George Forbes and daughter, Ruth, were in Lewiston Saturday.

Robert Johnson is working with the section crew on the G. T. railroad.

The "Abou Dramatic Club" presented their minstrel show at Rumford Center Friday evening.

Karl Stearns of Bethel was a guest of his cousin, O. P. Brown, and family Wednesday afternoon and evening.

Lester Johnson is moving his family to the house recently vacated by Herman Fuller.

Mrs. Robert Cushman spent the week end with her husband in Auburn.

Mrs. Annie Bryant was in South Paris Tuesday.

UPTON

The Grange gave a pleasing entertainment Friday evening, April 27, followed by refreshments and dancing.

The Christian Endeavor meeting Sunday evening was well attended. James Barnett and Fred Judkins were leaders.

The Farm Bureau meeting will be held at the Grange Hall Friday May 4. Subject: Dressmaking No. 1, of the fitting of dress patterns to individuals.

Miss Edna Bradeen, H. D. A., is expected.

Smells are running in the Cambridge River.

Spring time is building time. Get your material of H. I. Bean local dealer.

SOUTH ALBANY

Mr. and Mrs. Crell R. Kimball were week end guests at James Kimball's.

Mrs. Sula Kimball brought beautiful bouquet of mayflowers from Norway and presented them to Mrs. James Kimball.

Howard Allen came home from Portland Friday. Mrs. Allen is improving.

Carroll Lewis was a week end guest at his grandfather's, Charles Stone's.

Leon Kimball and son, Ivan, were in Norway last Friday.

Roy G. Wardwell is working for Fred Littlefield.

Dr. I. P. Symonds was called to see a cow at Preston Flint's Friday.

James Kimball lost a nice Jersey cow Saturday.

Mrs. Hazel Demeritt was sick Monday and unable to teach school.

Mrs. Merritt Sawin was taken suddenly sick Saturday morning. Dr. Hubbard was called to attend her. She is more comfortable at the present writing. Her granddaughter, Mrs. Geo. Crocker is caring for her.

Friends of A. F. Copeland were shocked to hear of his sudden death from blood poisoning.

Leon Kimball is hauling some hay from E. K. Shedd's.

Inga McAllister was in Bethel Monday on business.

Rich Russian Territory

Ukraine has a territory of 174,510 square miles, with a population of 20,000,000. It constitutes the southwest division of European Russia and is the richest and most densely populated part of the whole empire. It is a great wheat-growing district and Odessa is a most important grain shipping port. There are also large deposits of gold and iron.

EAST ANDOVER

School has reopened for the spring term. Miss Marie Elliot of Andover being still in charge.

Mrs. Irene Huston has an agency for dress materials and has been doing quite a business in the neighborhood.

The Mothers' Club is scheduled to meet this week with Mrs. Mabel Merrill of South Andover. The subject for discussion will be "My Ideals for a Mothers' Club."

Millard Fraser is doing some carpenter work for R. J. Swain.

Frank Lovejoy was in town one day this week on business connected with the drive. Ray Thurston is in charge here.

Pauline Crocker has work at the village.

The infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Erville Schieffler was quite ill this week, but is better at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. Tripp are boarding at Mrs. Tripp's sister's, Mrs. Carrol Cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Philbrick and family expect to move away soon. Mr. Philbrick has work as traveling agent for the Health-O Products Co. in Oxford County, but is not sure where he will locate.

Samuel White is boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Fulton White.

He who assumes a pensive attitude is usually adjusting prejudices and not thinking correctly.

Clean Up then Paint Up!

Spring time is clean up time. You are interested in making "home" bright, attractive, cheerful—easy to clean and keep clean.

THIS IS RED LETTER MONTH

We are out to make May one of the biggest months in our business and in doing this we are making what any experienced paint man will tell you is a startling offer—a very special opportunity, at an opportune time.

Special Offer No. 1

1/4 Gal. Atlas Paint... \$1.10
1 2 in. Brush..... .35

Sells Regularly for... \$1.45
Complete This Week
Only \$1.10

Special Offer No. 2

On all orders for 5 gallons
or over of Atlas Paint

1/2 Gallon Free

Wetherill's Atlas READY MIXED Paint

is in no sense an ordinary product. Its quality is unquestioned because it is one of the finest, purest and best paints made. Into it has been put the choicest of materials and behind it stands 127 years of paint making skill. It is one of the country's oldest and most reliable products, made by a manufacturer whose name, reputation, and products have set a standard for over a century and a quarter. The guarantee of quality is printed plainly on every can.

Now is the Time—Here is the Place. Stop in today. Let us estimate how small the cost will be for sufficient Atlas Paint to do your job.

J. P. BUTTS Hardware Store
Bethel, Maine



Good advice for the Man with an ache

Johnson's Belladonna Plasters

will relieve that pain in the side. Don't suffer when relief is so easy. We guarantee this plaster.

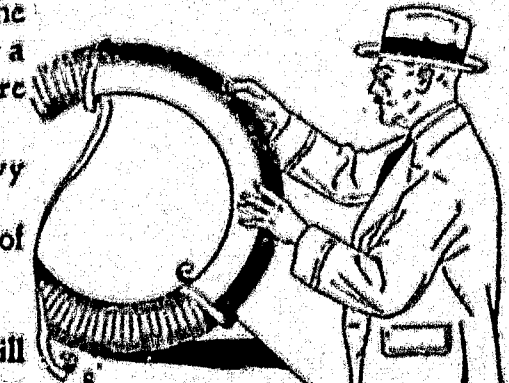
Come in and Inspect Our Goods

You are always welcome at this store whether you buy or not. The excellent quality of our stock is assurance that you will be pleased with what you see, or buy. We are making new friends every day.

W. E. BOSSERMAN, Druggist

As You Unroll It — Notice

As you unroll the wrapping from a United States Tire NOTICE The extra heavy tread The skid proof marking The live rubber and then you will realize that in the United States Tire you are getting a big value for the money. Practically all sizes in stock.



CONNER'S GARAGE
CHEVROLET SALES AND SERVICE
BETHEL, MAINE

House cleaning time is now here.

Why put up those old curtains?

New Line of

Curtain Scrims and Marquesettes

12c to 40c per yard

Rayon Drapery 30c Per Yard

AT

Rowe's

Bethel

Maine

Second Hand
5 Tube Radio Set and Tubes
\$25.00

RADIOLA 17 At a Bargain

New Stock of
GOODRICH TIRES

CROCKETT'S GARAGE

STILL REPAIRING AUTOS

We are Showing
A Large Variety of Outstanding Values
in Stamped Goods and Embroideries

Special Savings on Many Lines

Hand decorated Mothers' Day Cards

L. M. STEARNS

MODEL "T" FORDS

The manufacture of replacement parts for the millions of Model "T" Ford cars still in daily use continues to demand nearly one third the production capacity of Ford plants here.

Ford officials estimate, from reports of dealers all over the country, that there are still approximately eight millions of the Model "T" cars in constant use in the United States. Some of these cars are many years old. Every now and then there are reports of Ford cars of the old brass-bound radiator types of twelve or fourteen years ago still running after more than a hundred thousand miles of service.

The newest of the Model "T" Fords is now nearly a year old, for the production of assembled Model "T" cars was suspended in May 1927 to make way for the new Model "A."

This suspension of assembled Model "T" cars did not affect the production schedule of replacement parts, however. Throughout the past year the manufacture of Model "T" parts continued to occupy about one third the production capacity of the Ford plants.

A few days ago newspaper correspondents here asked Henry Ford how long he expected to continue to make parts for Model "T" cars.

"Until the last Model 'T' is off the roads," Mr. Ford replied promptly. Then he added: "That may mean ten years, but we do not intend to allow any Ford car ever to become obsolete as long as it can be made useful with reasonable replacements."

TIME TABLE

Effective April 29, 1928

EAST BOUND		
	a.m.	p.m.
Island Pond	5.15	2.05
Bethel	7.05	3.45
Oleland	7.44	4.20
Albion (W. Bethel)	7.54	4.30
Bethel	8.01	4.42
Locke's Mills	8.10	4.52
Dryden Pond	8.19	5.00
Bates (W. Paris)	8.25	5.12
South Paris	8.55	5.28
Lewiston	10.39	6.30
Portland	11.05	7.05
WEST BOUND		
	a.m.	p.m.
Portland	7.59	5.25
Lewiston, leave	8.24	5.40
South Paris	9.29	7.32
Bates (W. Paris)	9.53	7.49
Dryden Pond	10.13	8.04
Locke's Mills	10.19	8.11
Bethel	10.50	8.23
Albion (W. Bethel)	10.57	8.31
Oleland	10.59	8.43
Bethel	11.38	9.21
Island Pond	1.44	11.25

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 97, P. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

PURITY CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Boyker, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secretary.

MT. ADAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. C. O. Damerill, N. G.; D. M. Forbes, Secretary.

HUNTER RIDGE LODGE, No. 94, I. O. O. F., meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Olive Austin, N. G.; Mrs. Emily Forbes, Secretary.

BUDDHIST LODGE, No. 22, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesday evenings of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth McFarlane, K. of R. and H.

NACCOMI TEMPLE, No. 65, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of R. C.

BROWN POST, No. 84, O. A. U., meets at Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. A. M. Brown, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. N. Hastings, G. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 30, meets in Odd Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lillian Brown, President; Mrs. Lillian Barback, Secretary.

GEORGE A. MENDT POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its room. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Ford, Adjutant.

COL. C. V. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 12, R. of V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion room. L. A. Brown, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

BETHEL GRANGE, No. 26, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Morse, M.; Mrs. M. Hastings, Secretary.

Parent Teachers' Association. Meeting the second and fourth of each month at Granger School during school year. From, P. E. Russell; Secretary Mrs. B. McFarlane.

On a Chinese River



Chinese Boatmen at Lunch.

(Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.)

THE river at Shanghai is full of houseboats—so full that you could cross dry-shod—but few there are among foreigners who ever inquire where these houseboats go or whether one can be acquired for a song in the proper key. Suffice it to say that prior to the present condition of civil war houseboats could be acquired, not, perhaps, for a song, but for a few notes, and thereby several days of delightful adventure might be secured.

It is no trouble at all to secure a most admirable cook and a most painstaking coolie in this land of housekeeping's delight. A number one boy can pick them like ripe apples from a tree. And such food! Legs of frogs and breasts of guinea and pheasant and caviar and sweet potatoes and pancake suet and wonderful things in bottles on the ice. And all for a very moderate sum, less than the hotel charges for the same period, and doubtless plenty left over for the number one boy himself.

In the tangle of boats at the Shanghai quay the one you hire is sure to be five or six boats from shore, and to reach it it is necessary to "walk a plank." One is glad not to fall in, for the river at Shanghai is very, very dirty. However, there is scarcely space to fall.

How to get the boat out of its tangle is a problem. Coolies work and sweat with hawsers and lines and poles. Great cannon balls of coiled rope drop between the stern of one boat and the bow of the next to prevent chafing, and before long you find yourself being towed slowly but smoothly upstream perhaps in the wake of a Chinese hotel boat—a houseboat which is not rented to one well-to-do family, but which takes single passengers for a consideration and boards and lodges them during the trip.

The river is very wide at Shanghai, and harbor craft literally by the thousands swarm about. A bronzed butler, her bumboat piled high with peanuts and fig nuts, sings a strange little song at your side and sells her wares to people a little less poor than herself.

Food is Tempting and Cheap.

China is certainly the home of the delectable idea. The cramped house spaces, teeming with children who did not have the grace or the luck to die, has made cooking or a near approach to the family table well-nigh impossible, and everywhere savory little morsels cooked over charcoal are sold at incredible cheapness, and small bowls of steaming delicacies are always being carried through the streets for morning or evening consumption. The river is no exception. Cook boats are everywhere and the principal object of sale is always food.

A large loaded with wood passes, with one leaking hole. Little handfuls of the precious commodity begin to dot the crowded waters, and instantly half a dozen small boats, poled by women and girls, screaming with excitement, dart from under your prow, shoot skillfully between the houseboats, and give chase to the desirable bits. Small children with long poles or skittles like butterfly nets on poles fish the treasure-trove from the water, snatching valiantly as other boats and other treasure-seekers intercept a delectable morsel.

The water carefully squeezed out, the delicacies and junk are laid out to dry on the little decks. Each of the women and children takes life to this frenzied dash among the stream craft after a few cents' worth of food.

Presently water space is not at quite such a premium, and one begins to meet large boats, shaped like Noah's ark, swinging downstream. They are sagging with vegetables, strange to Western eyes—great fresh dugout things in green and white, like a basket stage setting. They are going with the current, but are hastened in their progress by a strange-looking bent oar which resembles the winding tail of a wishbone. The oar is usually operated by three willing workers, one of them almost always a tireless woman.

A baby, of two, or three, or four, often shows a shaven crown on the deck; but the fact that she is several times a mother does not exempt a woman from taking her trick at the oar in China, and one wonders how long a vacation she gets when the baby actually arrives.

River Scenes Above the City.

As soon as the first few bridges are passed one begins to meet the stately junks coming down under full, picturesquely patched sails. Their master locomotion gives crew and passengers more time to gaze and to perform various domestic duties on deck. Women wash vegetables in the dirty river water or sit idly, diligently on garments of Peking blue. Always there is a hobbled chicken or duck and almost always a mongrel run to bark his warning at night. Usually there is a clump of Chinese lilacs growing in a blue bowl.

As twilight begins to fall, your boat commences to pass between long lines of upriver boats, not rich enough to be towed, tied up for the night on the banks. Everybody is eating a supper of rice, but no one is too busy to point at strangers with succulent, dripping chopsticks. These boats seem more prosperous. The decks are being swabbed; boy babies wear large, loose silver rings about their necks, and little bright queues braided in red stand out as a Sigsbee's halo around their chubby brown faces.

It darkens. At eight o'clock dinner is served in the cozy cabin, with red curtains drawn, bright lights, fresh damask, and sparkling silver and glass. The cook is a success from soup to dessert. So is the number one boy, in his long silk coat, serving deftly and quickly and with as much ceremony as if he had a butler's pantry at his back as big as the whole boat.

Your boat is now passing ferry after ferry, where lusty Chignons, for a copper, transport workers from one side of the river to the other. Hundreds of coolies are waiting for these local Twickenhams, for it is the homecoming hour—the end of the Chinese day of twelve, fourteen or sixteen hours' labor.

Out on deck again, you presently glide between the blacked halves of a village. On one side are dirty, thatched huts; on the other open shops, pleasantly lighted and airy in the cool night.

Of course, the men of the village are in the shops. In one a cheerful gambling game is going on. Men are excitedly calling out the sum of the fingers outstretched between themselves and an opposing player.

The darkness deepens. The water thumps at the bows. The sounds die away; the villages darken; the boats moored on the banks become quiet and you tuck yourselves away in your berths.

Pretty Girls of Soochow.

The towed houseboat arrives at Soochow in the morning and is soon tied up in the moat, outside and on certain the thousand-year-old walls. The ancient battlements look down peacefully enough. The battlements are plectured with loopholes, through which green trees grow and long strands of creepers veil the walls. Here and there are crumbling watch towers.

Breakfast over, one finds boats waiting by the riverbank, two far out of the chained chairs in which one sits comfortably, looking out in three directions.

The girls of Soochow are lovely. They are also, Cordelia-voiced. The most famous "sing-song" girls in China come from Soochow, and those of them who have had the misfortune to have been born elsewhere claim Soochow for their nativity.

The beauty of the women is matched by the brains of the men, for in the palmy days of Chinese civil service the examining halls of Soochow sent more honest men to Peking than did those of any other Chinese city. The examination halls are in ruins, of course, together with the civil service system. Silly sheep now occupy the narrow stalls where scholars once pondered the Confucian classics.

Hosts try appropriately drapes the age-mottled trees, and the tablets erected in honor of famous scholars of the past are, many of them, so old that they cannot be deciphered, and the character is known only to antiquarians.

A Lesson for All

"At the end of their first week in business the owners of a little shop lowered the curtains of their windows and went home."

"On each succeeding Saturday night the curtains were pulled down and kept down until Monday morning."

"As the little shop grew the suggestion came from many sources that the curtains should stay up. 'The windows are beautiful,' people said; 'let us walk by and look.'

"The owners had an old-fashioned background. They had been taught in childhood that six days are enough for the things that are seen. The first day of the week they said, is for the things unseen—rest and worship, and family life and freedom from thoughts of business."

"Seventy-five years have passed. The store has grown until its windows are said to be more valuable than any windows in the world. But the example of the founders remains, and all day Sunday the shades are down."

"Is this old-fashioned custom good, in days when so many old-fashioned customs are being crowded out? We like to think so. We like the idea that on the first day of the week the church and the home should come first."

"Strong churches and strong homes build strong cities. All the great words of business—service and courtesy and kindness and truth—have their inspiration in religion. And prosperity is only permanent where there is reverence, and mutual trust, and faith."

This statement was made in a full page advertisement in the Chicago Tribune some weeks ago by Marshall Field and Company.

"Here," says the Manufacturers Record, "is a lesson for all America to study. May it be heeded ere it is too late."

NORTH WATERFORD

The Crooked River Outing Club met at Rev. W. L. Bull's on Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Allen and little daughter, Jacqueline, spent the week end at the home of Herbert Bean.

Mrs. Myra Flint is at Frye, Me., for a two weeks vacation.

The wet weather has made the roads very bad around here.

Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Grover were in Portland Friday to visit Mrs. Grover's mother, Mrs. Howard Allen, who is confined to the Maine General Hospital there with infection in her hand. Friends of Mrs. Allen will be glad to know that she is improving.

There will be a moving picture "Desert Gold," by Zane Gray at Odd Fellows Hall Tuesday evening.

The Odd Fellows and Rebekahs attended church last Sunday in a body. There was a large church attendance also.

Habit

The word "habit" has been so badly used that children are afraid of it. They are warned against all sorts of habits. Why not encourage children to form habits that will come in handy instead of warning them so much about habits that will bring grief? We take the negative instead of the positive approach.—Groves Peterson, in Mobile Register.

Hopeful

Two young bloods were sitting at a dinner-cabaret show. They were much impressed by the beauty of a dark-haired chorus girl. "Isn't she stunning?" said one. "She is," agreed the other. "And they tell me she comes from Italy." "Genoa?" asked the first one. "Not yet," replied the other. "But I hope to, shortly."—Vancouver Province.

Radio Saves Houses

A lightning storm in Middleborough, England, recently hit four houses. These were in the midst of a section thick with aereals, but were the only four that had no radio.

Constipation Relieved

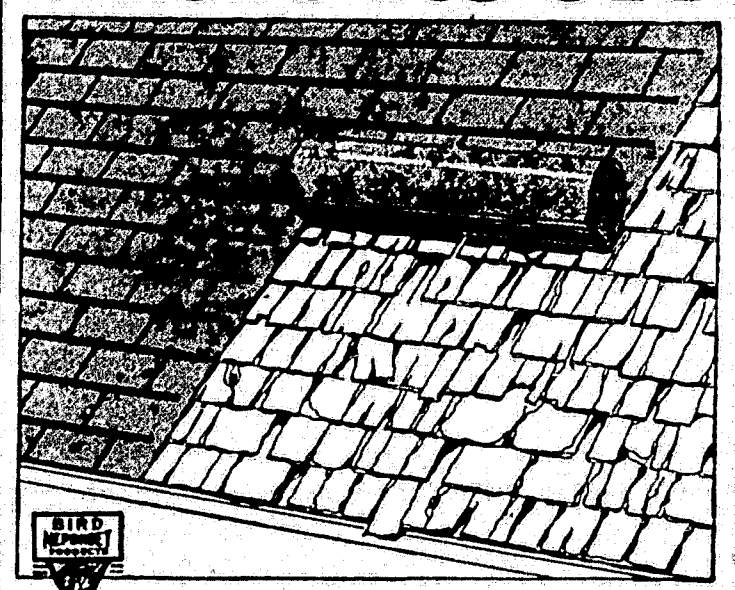
Don't allow it to continue, for it surely will lead to some form of sickness. This family remedy will give daily relief and improve indigestion.

"L. F. Atwood's Medicine (or Bitters)"

The economy laxative, 50c and 1.50

Made and Guaranteed by L. F. MEDICINE CO., Portland, Maine

BIRD'S ROOFS



SHINGLE DESIGN Roofing

Lay Bird's Shingle Design Roofing right over your old roof!

1. Costs less than wooden shingles.
2. Saves time—laid without ripping off old shingles with consequent litter and dirt.
3. Makes a permanent, double roof that keeps out the cold of winter and the scorching heat of summer.
4. Is waterproof, spark-proof and handsome. Comes with decorative red or green slate surfacing.

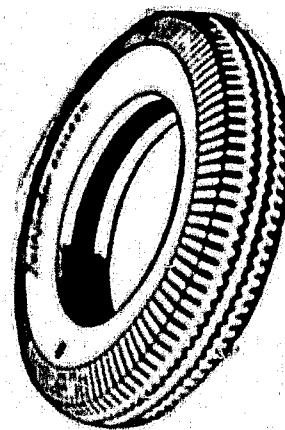
Bird's Shingle Design Roofing is made by Bird & Son, Inc. (Est. 1795), manufacturers of Art-Craft Roofing, Neponset Twin Shingles, Paroid Roofing, Neponset Black Building Paper, Bird's Insulating Blanket and Neponset Board. There's a Bird product for every sort of building!

We are headquarters for Bird's roofing, building papers and wall board.

D. GROVER BROOKS
Heating — Hardware — Plumbing
Bethel, Maine

Good News on TIRES!

We can give you a real high-grade tire -- made by Goodyear -- at a price that you can't beat anywhere for such a good-looking, long-wearing tire. Come in and see these Goodyear Pathfinders, get the low price on your size and you'll get a bargain that's a real one. We're putting our regular high grade service behind this great value. You're sure to win.



Goodyear Quality at Such Prices as These--

29x4.40 Ballon \$9.45
31x5.25 " 16.00

Other sizes---yours included---at equally attractive prices
Come in and learn.

Central Service Station

J. B. CHAPMAN, Prop.

Main Street Bethel, Maine



With Clock

CHAPTER I.—Thomas B. lor, and self-made man of ordered by his physicians long vacation in the open to Nature."

CHAPTER II.—Brent, leaving Philip Scrotes, in power of attorney to conduct. He also advertised "red-haired, freckle-faced"

CHAPTER III.—With a nation he has found, nicknamed "Freck," Brent an out-of-the-way place, fashion, subsisting mostly legs.

CHAPTER IV.—Brent a first knowledge of "Grav" dentally, at the cost of great discomfort, resulting two el of color from threatened d

CHAPTER V.—Somewhat the "Back to Nature" idea, out for the railroad, and overhauled. Scrotes and rival planning to get house business. He returns to "P" his mind made up to get restored and "swat" his en "Freck" finds a cave, in w Brent take up their abode.

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CHAPTER IX—

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"You say and Mr. Brady Tempest continued, "that Griggs company is going the Amalgamated Found causing them to come into with an amount of capital far overbalance what smaller fry have, and the running of affairs into the larger holders of capit words, we would simply into this affair to be heve

"Not at all. Not at all," des said. "Of course, if y to draw up the agreement ger, we can leave the con rate, but I give you my w the Amalgamated is b Mr. Brady. Before Mr. I advised me to make sud saw fit and then hold th his return. I have found ostion and I'm going ab Mr. Brent, I believe, is a (Cincinnati. I heard that and went attempting to I could not do so. I feel s will hear from him withi to the end that everythi right. Therefore, gentle that we can draw up t now."

"Why not wait until w Mr. Brent? There's no s about this thing," Tempe said. "But there is a burr." In "I've been planning wife and daughter to Eu last two months, and I d wait any longer. Let's g the way. You fellows n have your representation I You wouldn't be coming I weren't. It's a good thi It's the only way we can the American syndicate.

"As it is we have a prices now." Brady went o hold goods on contracts a as we want to, but this i continue very long unl handed together and keep can syndicate from buyi ritory. As long as the would have to start sh of their own they are g away from here. But g opening and we'll have to less than nothing. A men" he slammed his b table—"why can't we ge this thing. Come on, let

He reached for some of but stepped at a knock on "See who that is. Scro

With the Clock Turned Back

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I.—Thomas Brent, bachelor, and self-made man of wealth, is ordered by his physicians to take a long vacation in the open—"Get Back to Nature."

CHAPTER II.—Brent disappears, leaving Philip Scroffles, his manager, power of attorney to conduct the business. He also advertises for a small, "red-haired, freckle-faced boy."

CHAPTER III.—With a young companion he has found, appropriately nicknamed "Freck," Brent is living in an out-of-the-way place, in primitive fashion, subsisting mostly on frogs legs.

CHAPTER IV.—Brent acquires his first knowledge of "crawdads," incidentally, at the cost of great physical discomfort, rescuing two elderly ladies of color from threatened drowning.

CHAPTER V.—Somewhat weary of the "Back to Nature" idea, Brent sets out for the railroad, and home. He overhears Scroffles and a business rival planning to get possession of his business. He returns to "Freck," with his mind made up to get his health restored and "swat" his enemies hard. "Freck" finds a cave, in which he and Brent take up their abode.

CHAPTER VI.—Brent, with "Freck," makes his first visit to the "ole swimming hole," a boyhood joy which he never had known. A picnic party spreads lunch near their bathing place and Brent, being clad only in a very much abbreviated bathing suit, takes refuge in a wooded.

CHAPTER VII.—The owner of the wooded, a Mrs. Williams, who turns out to be "Freck's" aunt, and a widow, gives Brent her niece's discarded clothing and feeds him. A young man visitor, Edwards, appears. He has been an employee of Brent, and has a distinct grievance concerning salary. From him Brent learns that Scroffles has been stealing pay-roll money.

CHAPTER IX

Outside of the Door.

Five men were gathered around a table in the directors' room of the Amalgamated Foundry company. Three of them represented interests in St. Louis and Denver. The two others were John Brady and Philip Scroffles.

Mr. Tempest of St. Louis rose. "I full to see, Mr. Scroffles," he said, "how, without any word from your employer, you can be sure of throwing this plant of Mr. Brent's into this affair. I don't see why the Kelly-Griggs company should be given the balance of power in this thing. Of course, I am only the representative of my plant, but if this is to be a merger, I want them to have as much representation as anyone."

"You say and Mr. Brady says," Mr. Tempest continued, "that the Kelly-Griggs company is going to take over the Amalgamated Foundry company, causing them to come into the merger with an amount of capital that would far overbalance what capital we smaller fry have, and throwing the running of affairs into the hands of the larger holders of capital. In other words, we would simply be coming into this affair to be deced."

"Not at all! Not at all!" Mr. Scroffles said. "Of course, if you don't care to draw up the agreement for the merger, we can leave the companies separate, but I give you my word of honor the Amalgamated is to be bought by Mr. Brady. Before Mr. Brent left he advised me to make such plans as I saw fit and then hold them pending his return. I have found a good proposition and I'm going ahead with it. Mr. Brent, I believe, is at present in Cincinnati. I heard that he was there and went attempting to find him, but could not do so. I feel sure that we will hear from him within a week, and to the end that everything will be all right. Therefore, gentlemen, I feel that we can draw up the contract now."

"Why not wait until we hear from Mr. Brent? There's no special hurry about this thing," Tempest said. "But there is a hurry," Brady broke in. "I've been planning to take my wife and daughter to Europe for the last two months, and I don't like to wait any longer. Let's get it out of the way. You fellows are going to have your representation in this thing. You wouldn't be coming into it if you weren't. It's a good thing for you. It's the only way we can get ahead of the American syndicate."

"As it is we have a monopoly of prices now," Brady went on. "We can hold goods on contracts just as high as we want to, but this isn't going to continue very long unless we stay banded together and keep the American syndicate from buying in this territory. As long as they feel they would have to start shops and plants of their own they are going to stay away from here. But give them an opening and we'll have a cutthroat gang that will cut our profits down to less than nothing. Now, gentlemen—he slammed his hand on the table—"why can't we get together on this thing. Come on, let's sign up."

He reached for some of the papers, but stopped at a knock on the door. "See who that is, Scroffles,"

Scroffles opened the door to find Mr. Edwards standing there.

"Well?" he asked.

"I came to be present at the meeting," the young man answered.

"In whose interest?" Scroffles had not seen Edwards since the day he

had left the employ of the Amalgamated.

Edwards smiled. He took a paper from his pocket and prepared to hand it to the waiting Scroffles. "I think that will tell you."

Scroffles looked at the top line and his face went blank. "I don't see how," he said. "This seems to be a warrant for arrest."

Edwards laughed. "I gave you the wrong paper. You'll find out about that after a while. This is the one I intended to give you. It comes from Mr. Brent." He handed him a paper. "I am acting as his representative. You are discharged."

"Discharged?"

"Five men came to their feet.

"Yes. We'll talk about that later on. Right now I have something to say affecting this merger. Mr. Brady, as far as you are concerned, I don't care what you do. But for Mr. Tempest and his associates I am holding forth a proposition to you to ally yourselves with the American syndicate, and thereby save yourselves much undesirable competition. The American syndicate is now in a position to do about as it pleases in this field, inasmuch as it came into possession this morning of the Amalgamated Foundry company."

There was a moment of silence. Not one of the men in the room. Philip Scroffles and John Brady, both of all, could find words to speak. Scroffles merely stood by the table and gaped. He opened his mouth once or twice, then closed it wordlessly. Edwards stood by the door, still smiling. Presently he stepped to one side as the knob turned and there entered a sun-browned man whose eyes bore a twinkle and whose hands were rough and darkened from life in the open.

"Good morning, gentlemen," he said cheerily.

It was Mr. Thomas Brent.

Scroffles started forward. "Mr. Brent," he said, "this young upstart, this—"

"Hello, Scroffles!" Brent beamed. "By the way, how much was this young upstart getting when he was head of the checking department?"

"Why—why—" Scroffles was stammering.

"Tell the truth," Edwards said.

"Yes," broke in Mr. Brent, "be a good thing for you to tell the truth once."

Scroffles went red then white. "Sixty dollars a month," he said at last.

"I thought so," said Mr. Brent. "By the way, Scroffles, step outside the door there. There's somebody waiting for you. A large man with a red face and big hands and a shining decoration on his coat. He has already taken the cashier for a little walk, and now he wants you to keep the other company."

Scroffles seemed in danger. "Mr. Brent," he began, "I—"

"That'll be all from you, Scroffles," came the voice of the employer, and this time it was stern. "Your friend outside is getting impatient. Come on." He opened the door and gave the other man a little push. A second later and Scroffles was gone. Brent turned to the remaining men.

American History Puzzle Picture



The battle of Princeton, January 3, 1777. General Mercer had been mortally wounded and Washington himself rode among his men who rallied at his call, and saved the day. Find a Hessian soldier.

"Gentlemen," he said to Tempest and the others, meanwhile watching Brady out of the corner of his eyes.

"I learned about three weeks ago that the Kelly-Griggs company was trying to make a sort of trust out of this thing instead of a legitimate merger. They didn't even want to do that in an honest way, and so," he said with a little smile, "I got bull-headed. With Mr. Edwards to help me, since I didn't care about appearing in town just then, I sold out to the American syndicate. This, of course, gives them the power to go ahead and do just about as they please in this territory. One of the terms of my agreement was that under no conditions could the Kelly-Griggs company come into it. As for the rest of you, I understand you are invited to do as you please. As for myself, I'm out of business. I like the simple life so well I'm going to stay with it. I think, I guess that's about all," he said, spreading his feet and shoving his hands in his pockets. "I guess this about breaks up the little merger meeting."

Fifteen minutes later young Edwards and Thomas Brent were in Mr. Brent's old office of the Amalgamated Foundry company. The older man was cleaning out his desk and throwing away letters, sticking a little keepsake into his pocket now and then, and laughing to himself with great frequency.

"Well, Edwards, I never thought you could get that much for it," he said. "I had hoped that you might get an even half million, but seven hundred thousand was more than I ever dreamed of."

"I had a little tip," Edwards returned, smiling back. "You see, I've been working for the American syndicate branch office here—the one they just established, you know—and I handled the stenographic notes on a couple of board meetings. So when I put our proposition up to them, I knew exactly what they'd pay, and I kept it at it until they agreed."

"Well, three days to handle the sale of more than a half-million business is a pretty fair little job, Edwards. Of course, you'll get your commission. Ten per cent of seven hundred thousand ought to keep the wolf from your door for a while, wouldn't it?"

Edwards smiled almost sheepishly. "That's more than my wildest dreams," he answered. "Why, with that Jennie and I can have a farm and horses and cows and an automobile and—"

"Wait a minute," said Mr. Brent as he reached into a pocket. "You've got something more coming to you; all of us have—Freck, his mother, Aunt Margie, Jennie, you and myself. And we're all going to form a lovely little community where we'll have about everything we need and a little bit more. I did a little buying when I came into town three days ago. I own Indian creek now from Aunt Margie's house two miles on each side. Here's the reason." He reached in his pocket and handed Edwards a black something. "Know what that is?" he asked.

"Looks like lead ore," Edwards answered.

"That's exactly what it is. There's a hill full of it out there, or rather a cave full, and we're all shareholders in the mine."

"All of us?" Edwards asked, gasping. "Why, Mr. Brent, this isn't right. We haven't done anything to deserve this. Why—why—"

"Never mind the why," broke in Mr. Brent. "Come, let's go out to dinner and then catch the first train for Aunt Margie's. By the way, Edwards," he asked as they passed by the door, "do you suppose Aunt Margie would ever think of getting married again?"

"Oh, I don't know," answered Edwards. "She might—to just the right man."

[THE END]

SAID BY WISE MEN

Time, which strengthens friendship, weakens love.—De La Bruyere.

Why Elephants Obey

Permanent dens for "the cats" (lions, tigers, panthers, cougars, etc.), the performing horses and the elephants are maintained in circus winter quarters. They are put through their stunts every day. Green animals are trained with experienced beasts.

"It takes many hours' practice every day from November to April to train an elephant to stand on his head," says a trainer. "At least 40 men are present to manage the network of ropes, pulleys and tackles that are used to show the animal what he is expected to do. The pupil trumpets and squeals, but sooner or later he learns to associate the command with the act enforced on him at first by complicated apparatus."

Why Old Guns Are Liked

"The most fascinating marksmanship of all is that practiced with a good, old-fashioned muzzle-loading firearm," according to one gun enthusiast. "An automatic, or even a pump or lever gun, gives one a surfeit of shots so that he soon loses his appreciation of individual hits," this man said. "A muzzle loader, however, forces one to make every shot count, thus discouraging promiscuous and careless shooting. There is a thrill of satisfaction in assembling and loading every charge, ramming it home, and firing around for a musket shot, that is an enjoyable part of shooting with these old guns."

Why Called "Belladonna"

According to the historian Mathias, Italian ladies in the Middle Ages used the dark red juice of the deadly nightshade as a paint, the distilled water of the plant as a cosmetic and the juice to dilute the pupil and enhance the luster of the eye, in spite of its detrimental effects. Belladonna (nightshade) means "beautiful lady" in Italian.

Why "Artesian" Wells

The word "artesian" means pertaining to Artois, a province in France. It came to be applied to certain wells because they were first known in that region. An artesian well is a well bored to a depth where the water pressure is sufficient to force water to the surface.

Why Potatoes Are "Spuds"

The origin of "spuds" as applied to potatoes is unknown. One writer thinks they were so called originally from the initials of the "Society to Prevent Unwholesome Diet," since potatoes were first thought to be poisonous.

WHY—Australia Is Comparatively Free From Smallpox

How smallpox has been kept away from Australia by the accident of her being far away from the rest of the world, is explained in a study of recent statistics of this disease published by the American Association for Medical Progress, in New York city, the Literary Digest reports. Dr. E. E. Fleg explains in his Week's Science (New York):

"Smallpox usually requires about twelve days to develop in the body of a person who has been infected. This gives time enough to travel between Europe and America, for example, before realizing that one has the disease. Accordingly, smallpox passes the usual quarantine barriers and has spread throughout all the larger continents. In Australia, however, the long ship journey between this continent and other centers of population gives time for the infection to appear on shipboard, to be recognized and quarantined. This time-barrier around the continent has operated, the association states, to protect Australia very largely against this extremely infectious disease. For other parts of the world, the association urges, the only protection is compulsory vaccination of the entire population. A statistical comparison shows that in American states where vaccination is in any degree voluntary the smallpox cases between 1921 and 1926 averaged 102 for each 100,000 of population, while in states in which compulsory vaccination is enforced slightly only between nine and ten cases occurred in proportion to the same population during the same period."

Why Some Trades Give Exemption From Ills

Tanneries and printing ink factories confer exemption from tuberculosis and employees in turpentine factories never have rheumatism. Copper mining excludes the possibility of typhoid among the workers. Shepherds enjoy remarkable health. The odor of sheep appears to exercise some influence tending to the prevention of disease. Sheep are said to be especially good for whooping cough, so that in a sheep country, when a child is taken down with that malady, it is the custom to put it among sheep to play.

Men and women working in lavender, whether gathering or distilling it, are said never to suffer from neuralgia or nervous headache. Lavender, however, is as good as a sea voyage for giving tone to the system. Persons suffering from nervous breakdown frequently give their services gratis to lavender plants. In order that they may build up their vitality.

Salt miners can wear summer clothes in blizzard weather without fear of catching colds, for colds are unknown among these workers.

A little borax sprinkled under rugs will keep away troublesome moths.

Sawdust sprinkled evenly over the floor before laying linoleum will make it wear longer.

A splendid healing solution for cuts and burns is made by dissolving one teaspoonful boracic acid in one pint of water.

Thursday—He not afraid for I am with thee.

Friday—Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

Saturday—Man goeth forth to his work and to his labor until the evening.

CHINESE THOUGHTS

The foolish, obstinate woman goes to sea in a bandbox.

The cautious woman writes her promises on a slate.

How Nails of Fingers

Are Noted by Doctor

A physician can sometimes tell as much about your physical condition from looking at your finger nails as he can by taking your pulse or looking at your tongue, says Dr. Norman Tobias in Hygeia Magazine.

A healthy nail has a rosy pink color, is smooth, free from ridges and glossy. The nail root is delicate and is easily injured by poisons in the blood stream or by injuries to the nerves. A bluish tinge in the nail suggests heart disturbance or poor circulation, Doctor Tobias says. A white anemic nail may mean impoverished blood.

Dull and brittle nails indicate a lack of oil in the skin. Irregular, rough or distorted nails may be caused by syphilis, ringworm or chronic skin disease. If sores or ulcers about the nail are slow in healing, one should consult a physician.

Life consists, not in breathing, but in enjoying life.

Hey There!

How about your letterheads, billheads, statements, envelopes, cards, etc. Don't wait until they are all gone and then ask us to rush them out in a hurry for you. Good work requires time and our motto is that anything that's worth doing is worth doing well.



Print Shop

Let us have that order N.O.W. while we have the time to do your printing as it should be done.

Like a transparent elastic carpet on every floor Here's the way to get REAL protection

BUMPS—bangs—scratches from sliding furniture—scuffing of thousands of steps a day—That's what a floor has to face—yet keep bright and beautiful always.

We don't know how long it took them to get it—but we do know that the makers of Bay State Agate Floor Varnish have perfected a varnish which will do just that!

Instead of being brittle, like ordinary varnish which chips and cracks, Bay State is actually elastic. It covers your floors with a smooth, beautiful, resilient film that wears and wears and wears. You can't scratch it and you can't spot it. Ask us for Bay State Agate Floor Varnish next time and you'll see!

Whether you're painting your house or lacquering a chair, there is a Bay State Paint and Varnish Product especially designed for that particular job—and perfected in the great Bay State laboratories to do that job as well as it can be done. Come in and let us demonstrate them for you.

D. GROVER BROOKS
Bethel, Maine

